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in

YOUNG ALLIES

SPRING

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19

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BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN

Also Other Valuable Gifts

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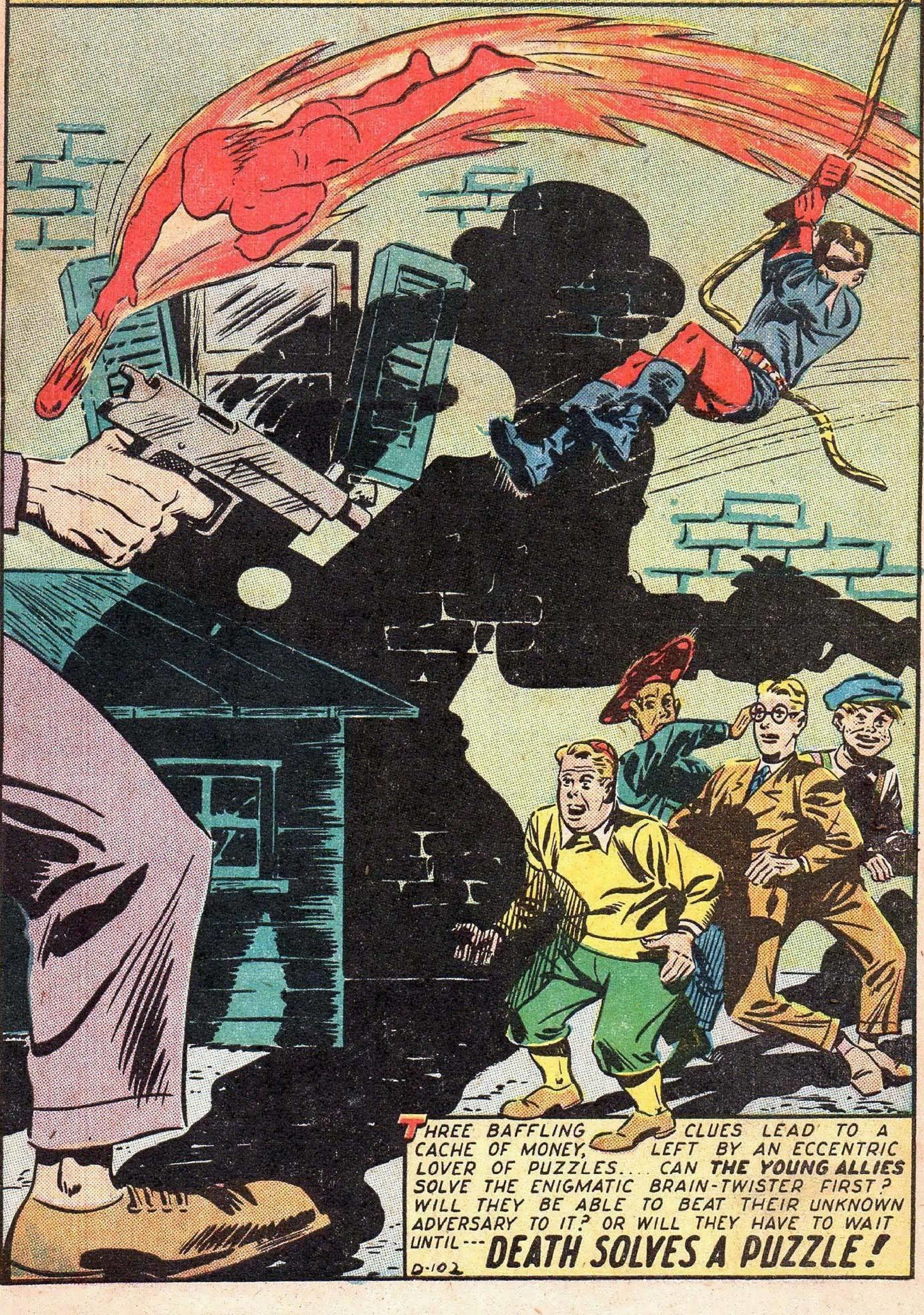
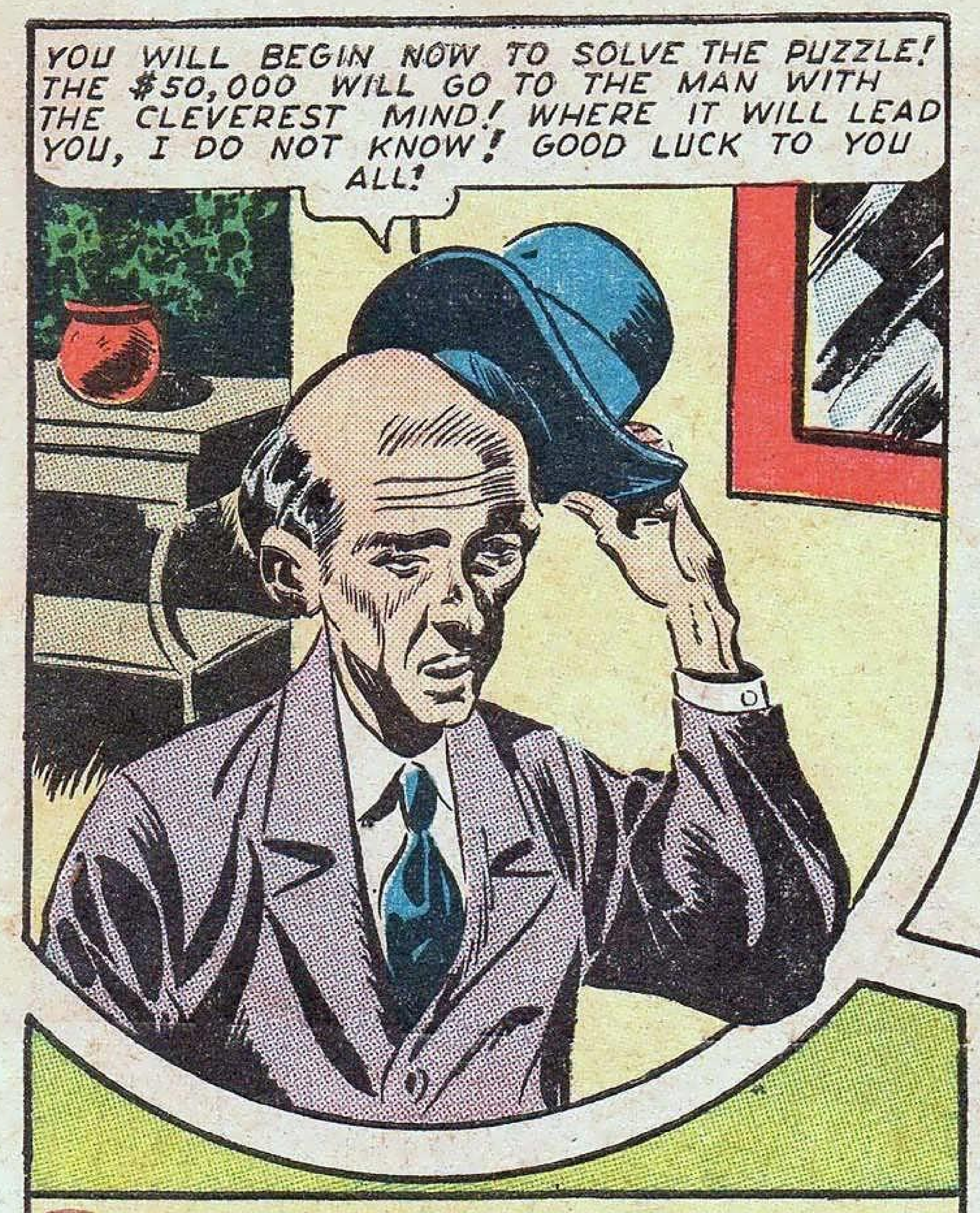
The YOUNG ALLIES

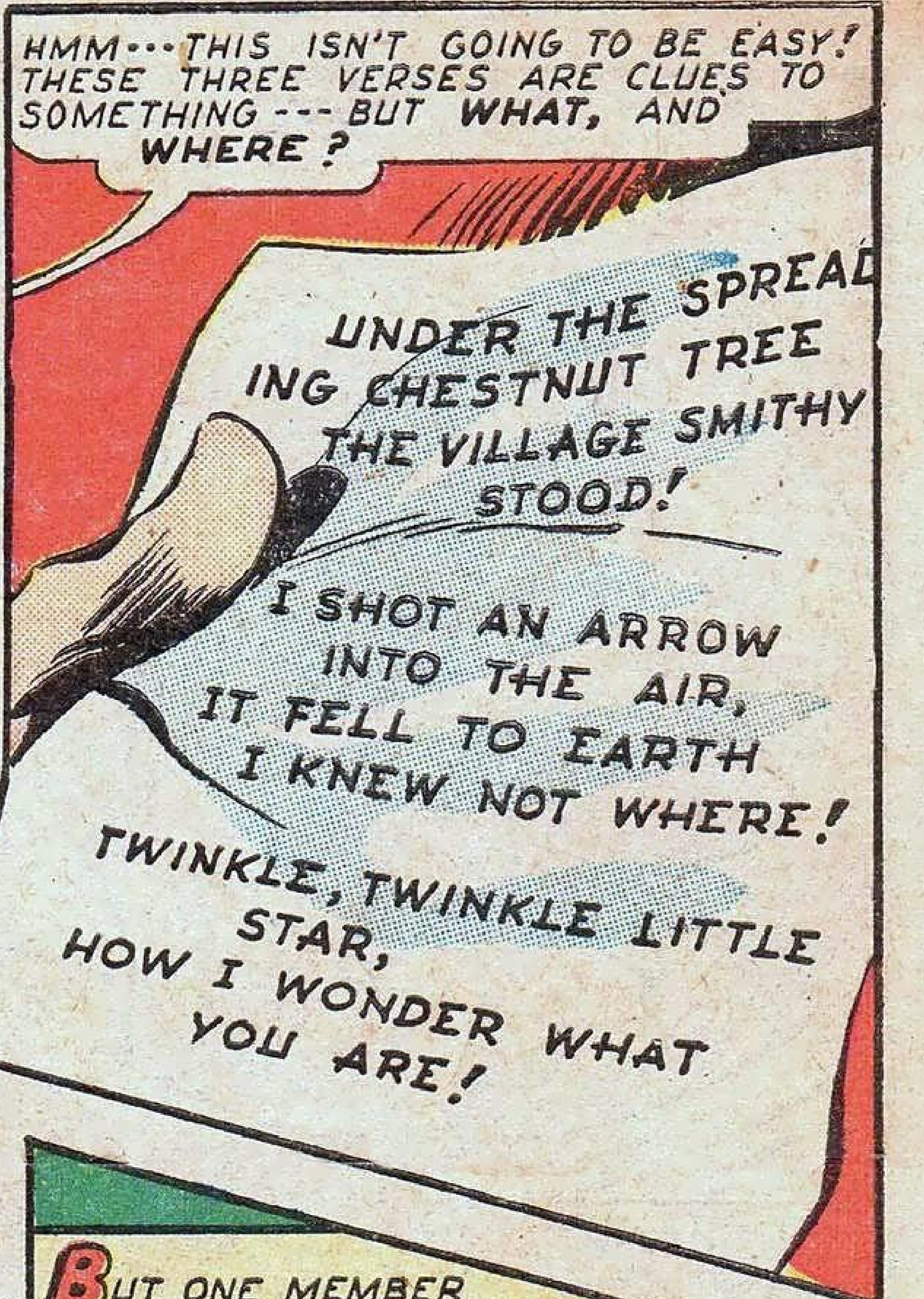


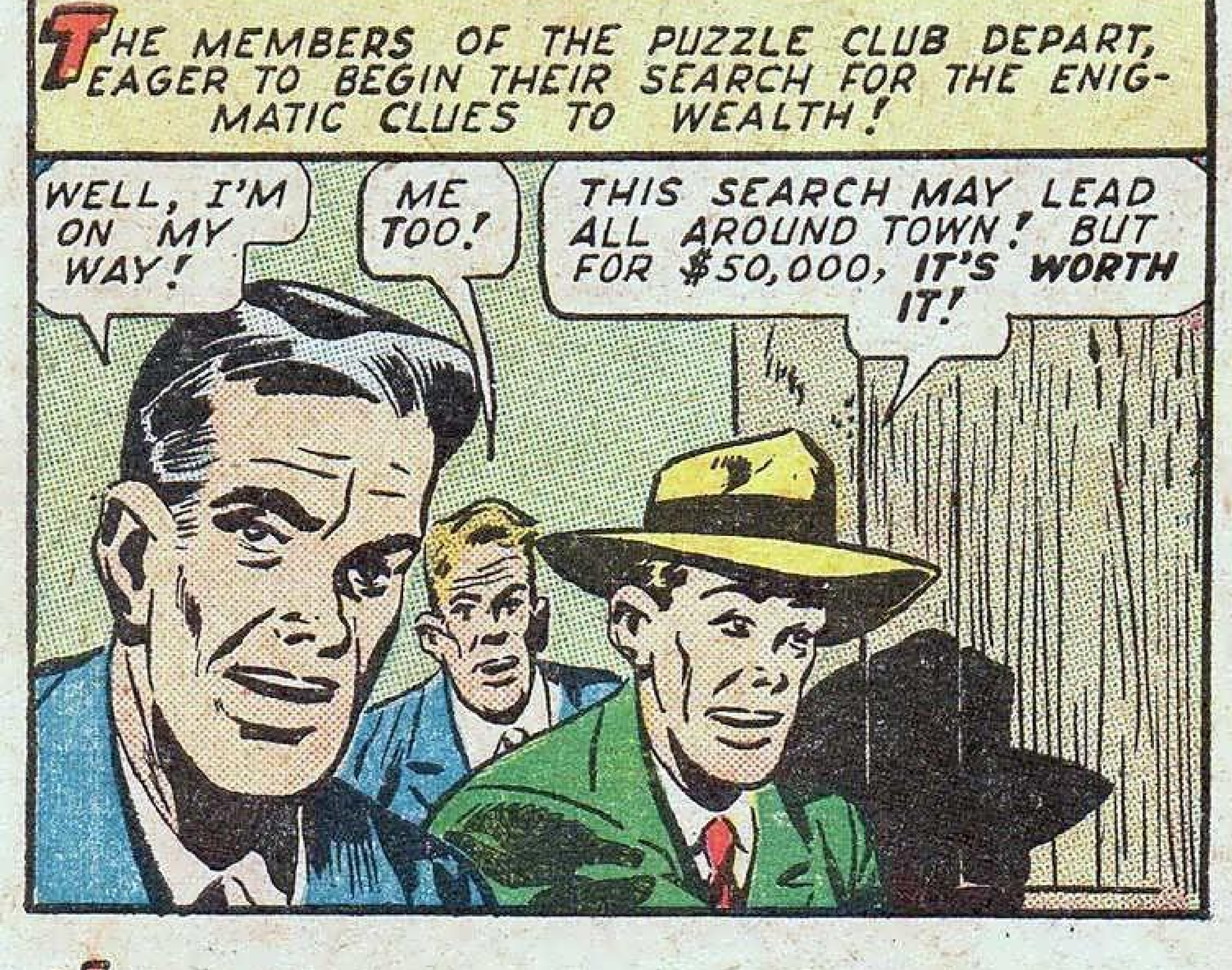
THREE BAFFLING CLUES LEAD TO A CACHE OF MONEY, LEFT BY AN ECCENTRIC LOVER OF PUZZLES.... CAN **THE YOUNG ALLIES** SOLVE THE ENIGMATIC BRAIN-TWISTER FIRST? WILL THEY BE ABLE TO BEAT THEIR UNKNOWN ADVERSARY TO IT? OR WILL THEY HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL--- **DEATH SOLVES A PUZZLE!**

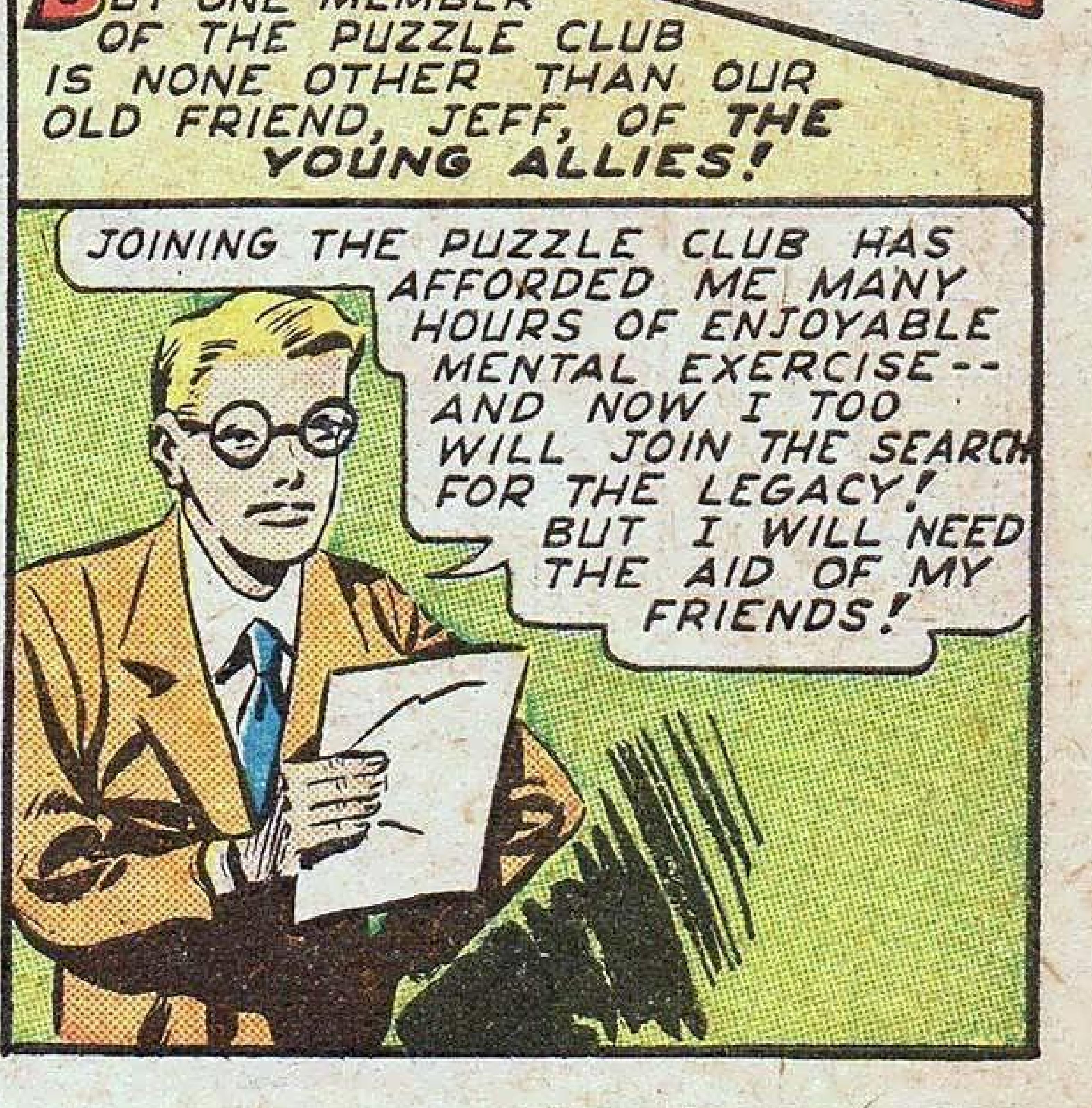
D-102

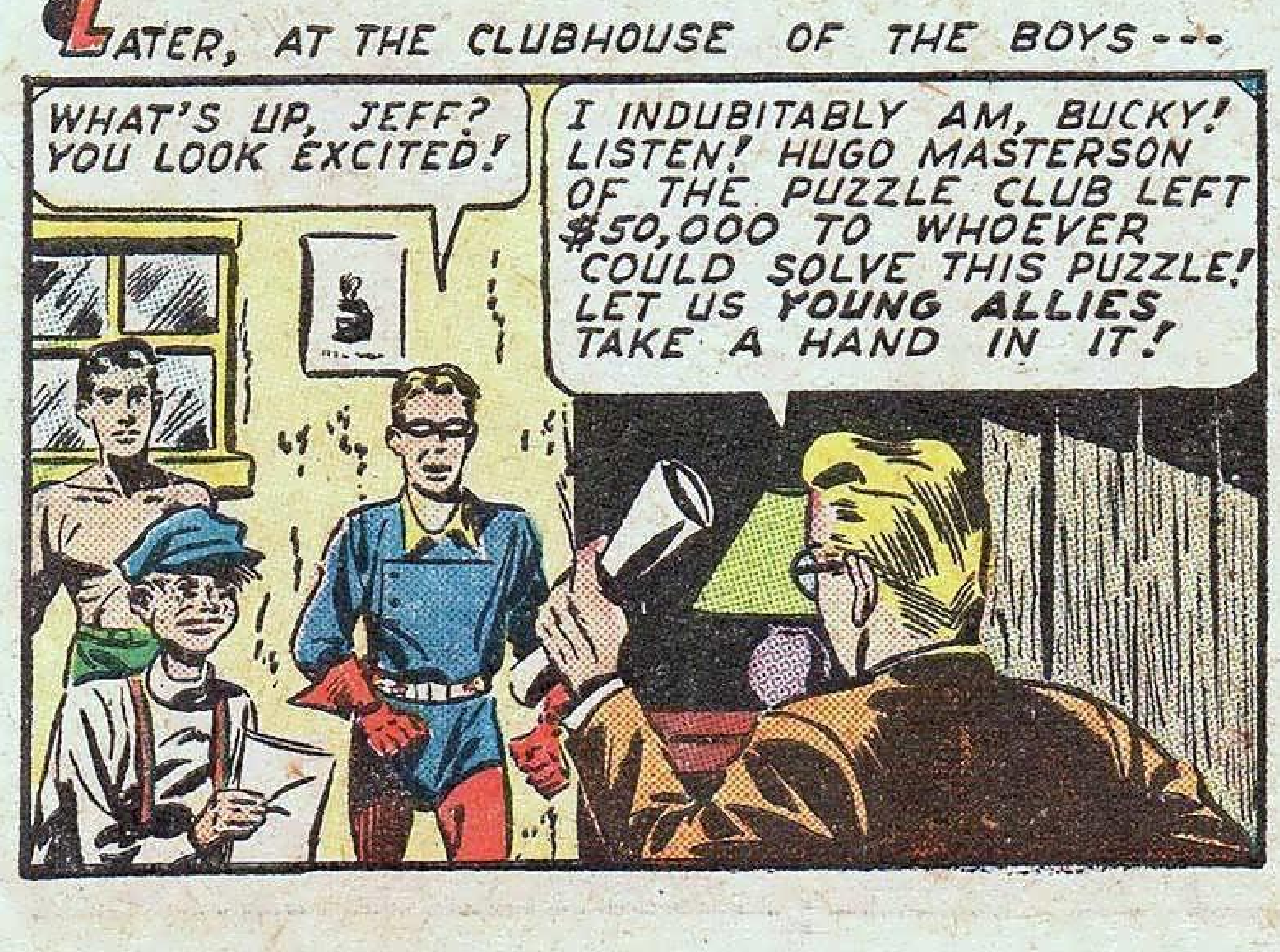
NO GROUP OF PEOPLE IS MORE DEVOTED TO ITS HOBBY THAN THE PUZZLE FIENDS WHO WRACK THEIR BRAINS TO SOLVE CUNNING CODES ANAGRAMS AND OTHER PUZZLES DEVISED BY THE HUMAN MIND! BUT THERE IS SORROW TODAY AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE PUZZLE CLUB BECAUSE THEIR HONORED PRESIDENT HAS JUST DIED...
MEMBERS OF THE PUZZLE CLUB! OUR GRAND HIGH PRESIDENT, HUGO MASTERSON, IS GONE! HE HAS SOLVED THE LAST AND GREATEST PUZZLE OF ALL --- DEATH!
BUT NOW FRIENDS, HUGO'S LAWYER IS HERE, MR. ANDREW APPLEBY! HE HAS AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FOR US!
I AM HANDLING THE WILL AND ESTATE OF THE DECEASED!
I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU ALL! HUGO MASTERSON DID NOT FORGET HIS FRIENDS OF THE PUZZLE CLUB, WITH WHOM HE SPENT SO MANY HAPPY HOURS. HIS WILL LEAVES YOU $50,000!
$50,000! WHY, THAT'S WONDERFUL!
WAIT! LET ME FINISH! HE LEFT THIS $50,000 IN THE FORM OF A PUZZLE! AND THE WILL STATES THAT WHOEVER SOLVES THE PUZZLE FIRST WILL GET THE MONEY!
JUST LIKE GOOD OLD HUGO, TO MAKE IT A PUZZLE! BUT WHAT IS THE PUZZLE?
IT IS ON THIS SHEET OF PAPER, IN THE FORM OF THREE VERSES. YOU EACH GET A COPY!

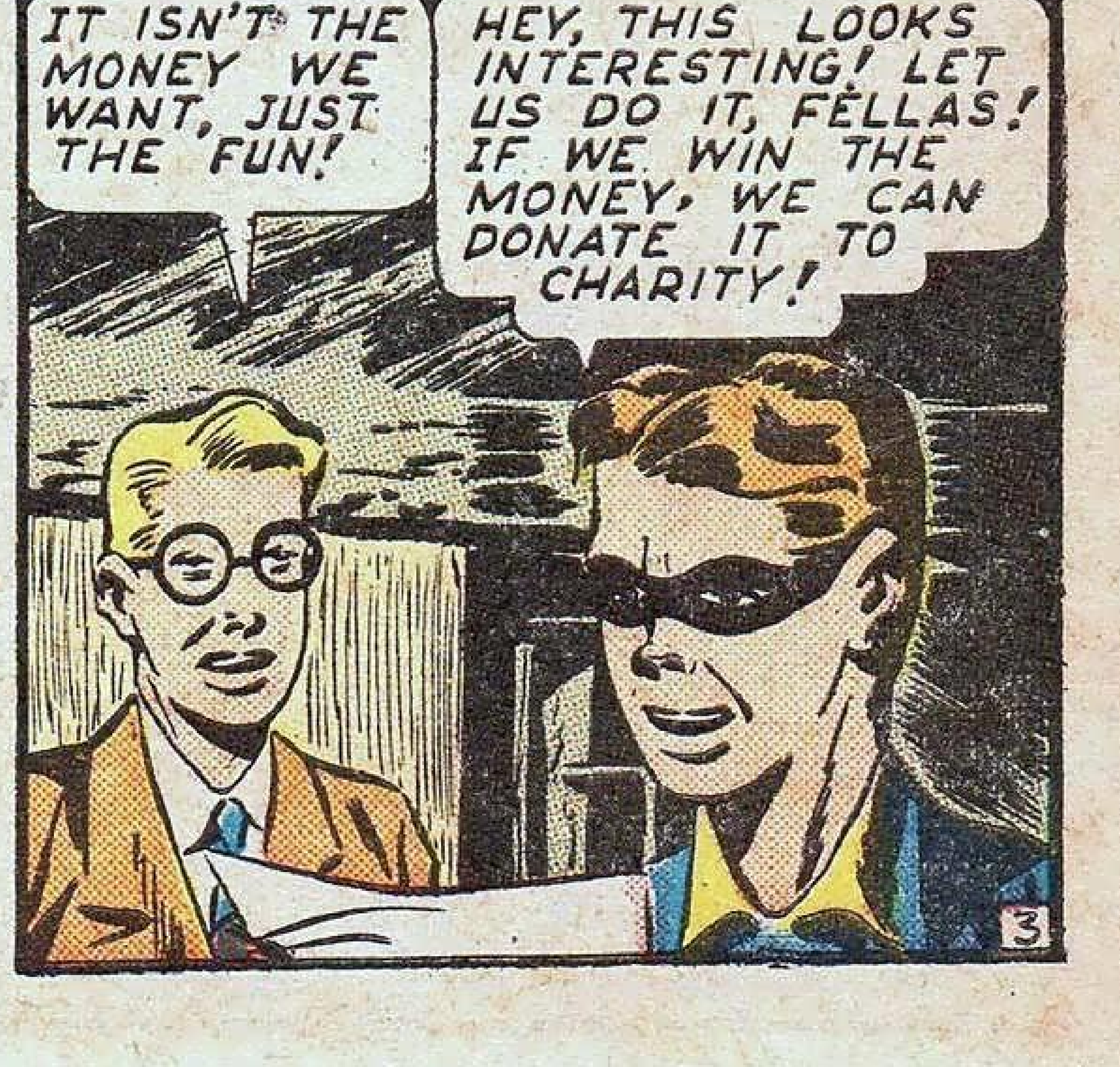

YOU WILL BEGIN NOW TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE! THE $50,000 WILL GO TO THE MAN WITH THE CLEVEREST MIND! WHERE IT WILL LEAD YOU, I DO NOT KNOW! GOOD LUCK TO YOU ALL!


HMM--- THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY! THESE THREE VERSES ARE CLUES TO SOMETHING --- BUT WHAT, AND WHERE?
UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE THE VILLAGE SMITHY STOOD!
I SHOT AN ARROW INTO THE AIR, IT FELL TO EARTH I KNEW NOT WHERE!
TWINKLE, TWINKLE LITTLE STAR, HOW I WONDER WHAT YOU ARE!


THE MEMBERS OF THE PUZZLE CLUB DEPART, EAGER TO BEGIN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE ENIGMATIC CLUES TO WEALTH!
WELL, I'M ON MY WAY!
ME TOO!
THIS SEARCH MAY LEAD ALL AROUND TOWN! BUT FOR $50,000, IT'S WORTH IT!


BUT ONE MEMBER OF THE PUZZLE CLUB IS NONE OTHER THAN OUR OLD FRIEND, JEFF, OF THE YOUNG ALLIES!
JOINING THE PUZZLE CLUB HAS AFFORDED ME MANY HOURS OF ENJOYABLE MENTAL EXERCISE -- AND NOW I TOO WILL JOIN THE SEARCH FOR THE LEGACY! BUT I WILL NEED THE AID OF MY FRIENDS!


LATER, AT THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE BOYS---
WHAT'S UP, JEFF? YOU LOOK EXCITED!
I INDUBITABLY AM, BUCKY! LISTEN! HUGO MASTERSON OF THE PUZZLE CLUB LEFT $50,000 TO WHOEVER COULD SOLVE THIS PUZZLE! LET US YOUNG ALLIES TAKE A HAND IN IT!


IT ISN'T THE MONEY WE WANT, JUST THE FUN!
HEY, THIS LOOKS INTERESTING! LET US DO IT, FELLAS! IF WE WIN THE MONEY, WE CAN DONATE IT TO CHARITY!

BUT THIS IS GOING TO BE A RACE BETWEEN US AND THE PUZZLE CLUB MEMBERS! I'LL TEAR THESE THREE VERSES APART! WE CAN SAVE TIME BY SPLITTING UP AND SEARCHING FOR THE THREE CLUES SEPARATELY!
TORO, YOU TAKE WHITEWASH AND FOLLOW UP THIS CLUE! JEFF, YOU AND KNUCKLES WILL FOLLOW THIS VERSE OUT! AND TUBBY AND I WILL GO AFTER THE THIRD CLUE!
OKAY! GET GOING! YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT EACH CLUE YOURSELVES! KEEP TRYING ALL POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS, TILL YOU HIT THE RIGHT ONE!
OKAY, BUCKY! SEE YOU LATER!
"UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE THE VILLAGE SMITHY STOOD." WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT, WHITEWASH?
AH'S THINKIN'--- LEMME SEE---
AH'S GOT IT! DEY IS ONLY ONE OLD-TIME BLACKSMITH SHOP IN TOWN! IT MUS' BE DAT PLACE!
GOOD BOY, WHITEWASH! THE CLUE MUST BE THERE! LET'S GO!
BUT THE BOYS FIND THEY ARE NOT ALONE IN THEIR SURMISE---
FOR THE LUVVA MUD! WHAT ARE ALL YOU GUYS SEARCHING FOR?
WELL! IT SEEMS WE WEREN'T SO BRILLIANT AFTER ALL, WHITEWASH!
4

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A CLUE TO $50,000! BUT I'VE SEARCHED HIGH AND LOW! I'M BAFFLED!
HSSST, WHITEWASH! IT'S NO USE SEARCHING AMONG HORSESHOES AND STUFF! THE THING TO LOOK FOR IS SOMETHING THAT **DOESN'T FIT** A BLACKSMITH SHOP! SOMETHING THAT IS **TOTALLY OUT OF PLACE!**
N
LOOK! A KID'S BUILDING BLOCK! IT DON'T BELONG HERE...!
THAT'S IT, WHITEWASH! QUICK, HIDE IT BEFORE THE OTHERS NOTICE! THIS IS A GAME OF WITS AND ALL'S FAIR!
BUT UNKNOWN TO ALL SEARCHERS, SINISTER FIGURES LURK OUTSIDE THE SHOP, LED BY A MASKED MAN...!
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, MEN! IF ONE OF THOSE SEARCHERS HITS THE REAL CLUE, WE GRAB IT!
HEY, BOSS.... LOOK! DOSE TWO KIDS FOUND A KID'S BLOCK!
HEY!
HERE, KID! I WANT THAT!
GOT IT... THE FIRST CLUE! THE STAKES ARE TOO HIGH TO PLAY THIS GAME LIKE A GENTLEMAN! I'VE HIRED THUGS TO MAKE SURE I WIN OUT... BY FORCE IF NECESSARY! AND WITH THIS MASK ON, NOBODY KNOWS WHO I AM!

THE YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 2
SUDDENLY, TORO FLAMES ON AND RIPS INTO THE VILLAINOUS LEADER AND HIS HIRED MUSCLEMEN, AS THE BLACKSMITH SHOP BECOMES A SCENE OF BATTLE!
HORSESHOES AM GOOD... BUT BAD LUCK FOR YOU, MISTAH!
YIPES!
SUDDENLY, THE BLACKSMITH TAKES A HAND IN THE FIGHT...
SAY, I OUGHTA HELP YOU BOYS CLEAN UP THESE LUGS!
OKAY, SMITHY!
YEOW!

BUT WAITING HIS CHANCE, THE MASKED LEADER ACTS AND...
IF I CAN QUENCH THIS FLAME-BOY... AH! THAT DID IT!
SS-SSSSS
-SSS-S
NOW RUN FOR IT, MEN!
AND I HAVE THE FIRST CLUE...THE BLOCK! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS, YET, BUT IT WILL FIT THE OTHER TWO CLUES! NOW FOR THE SECOND CLUE!
DOGGONE! WE DIDN'T DO SO GOOD, WHITEWASH! THE MASKED MAN GOT AWAY WITH THE FIRST CLUE!
AH HOPES DE OTHER BOYS COME OUT BETTER!
MEANWHILE, JEFF AND KNUCKLES HAVE NOT FARED SO WELL IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE SECOND CLUE...
WE VISITED ALL DA "ARROW" PLACES WE CAN THINK OF! WE AIN'T DOIN' SO HOT, JEFF!
"I SHOT AN ARROW INTO THE AIR, IT FELL TO EARTH, I KNEW NOT WHERE!" WHAT CAN IT MEAN?
ARROW

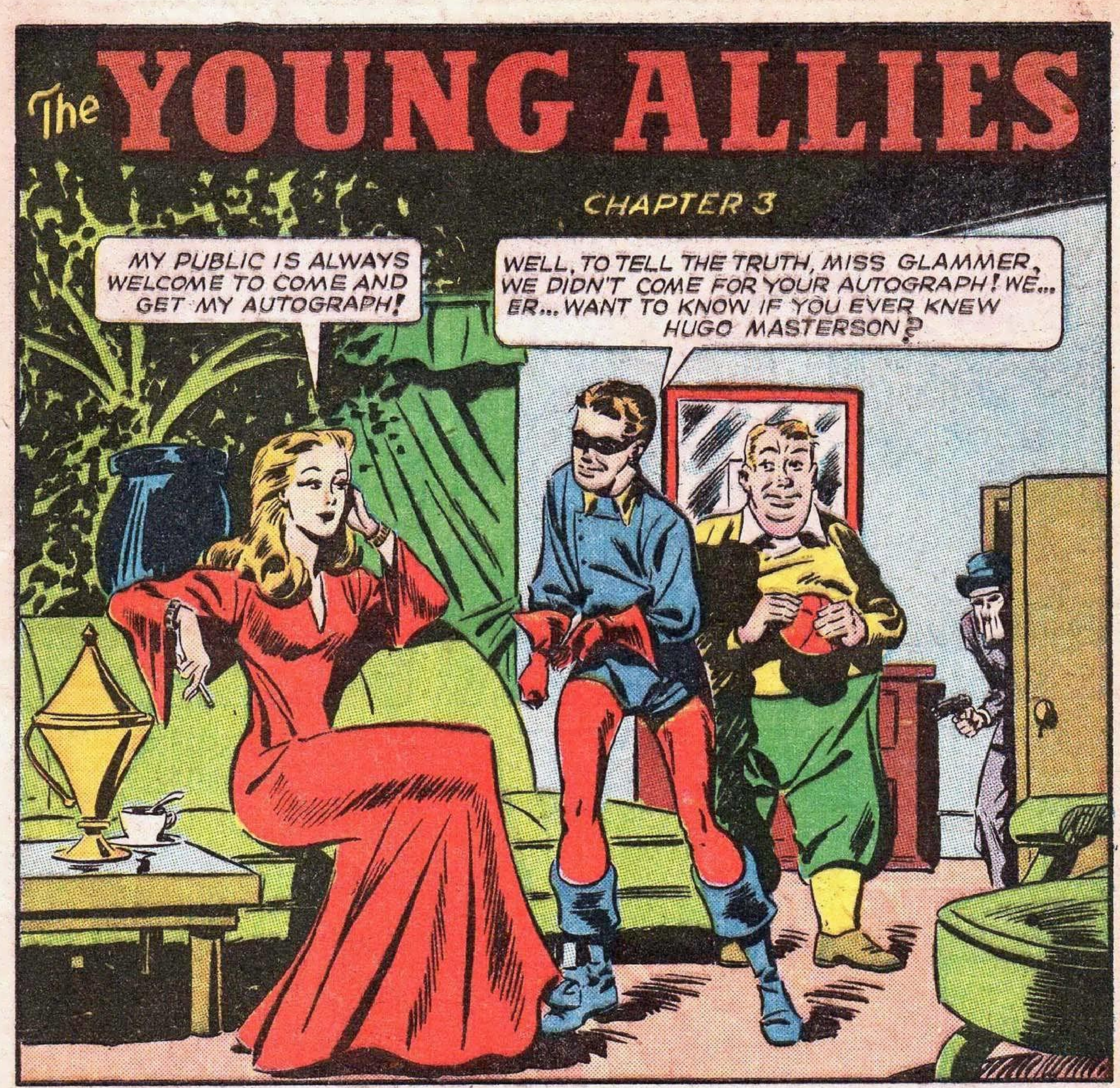
HEY, MAYBE WE SHOULD SHOOT AN ARROW IN DA AIR AN' SEE WHERE IT LANDS!
RIDICULOUS, KNUCKLES! NO, NO, I'M SURE IT'S SOMETHING SYMBOLICAL... **LOOK!** THERE'S A BLACK ARROW INN **HERE**! LET'S TRY THAT!
BLACK ARROW INN
BUT CLOSE BY....
YOU HEARD THAT! THEY'VE SEARCHED ALL THE OTHER PLACES! MAYBE THESE BOYS HAVE HIT ON THE RIGHT PLACE NOW... **THAT INN!** FOLLOW THEM!
COUPLA COKES, MISTER!
LOOK THE PLACE OVER CAREFULLY, FOR ANY STRANGE CLUE!
HEY, LOOK! DAT BOTTLE OF GIN! SINCE WHEN IS GIN **GREEN**? IT'S ALWAYS WHITE!
THAT MUST BE IT! THE SECOND CLUE!
SAY, WHY IS THAT GIN **GREEN**?
IT'S GOT CREME-DE-MENTHE IN IT, WHICH GIVES IT THE GREEN COLOR! YA KNOW, HUGO MASTERSON WAS MY ONLY CUSTOMER WHO LIKED THAT COMBINATION! NOW HE'S DEAD, BUT I KEEP THE BOTTLE HERE IN HIS MEMORY!
NO CREDIT
HURRAY! THEN THAT'S THE SECOND CLUE ALL RIGHT AND... GULP...
...AND I'LL TAKE IT!
NO CREDIT

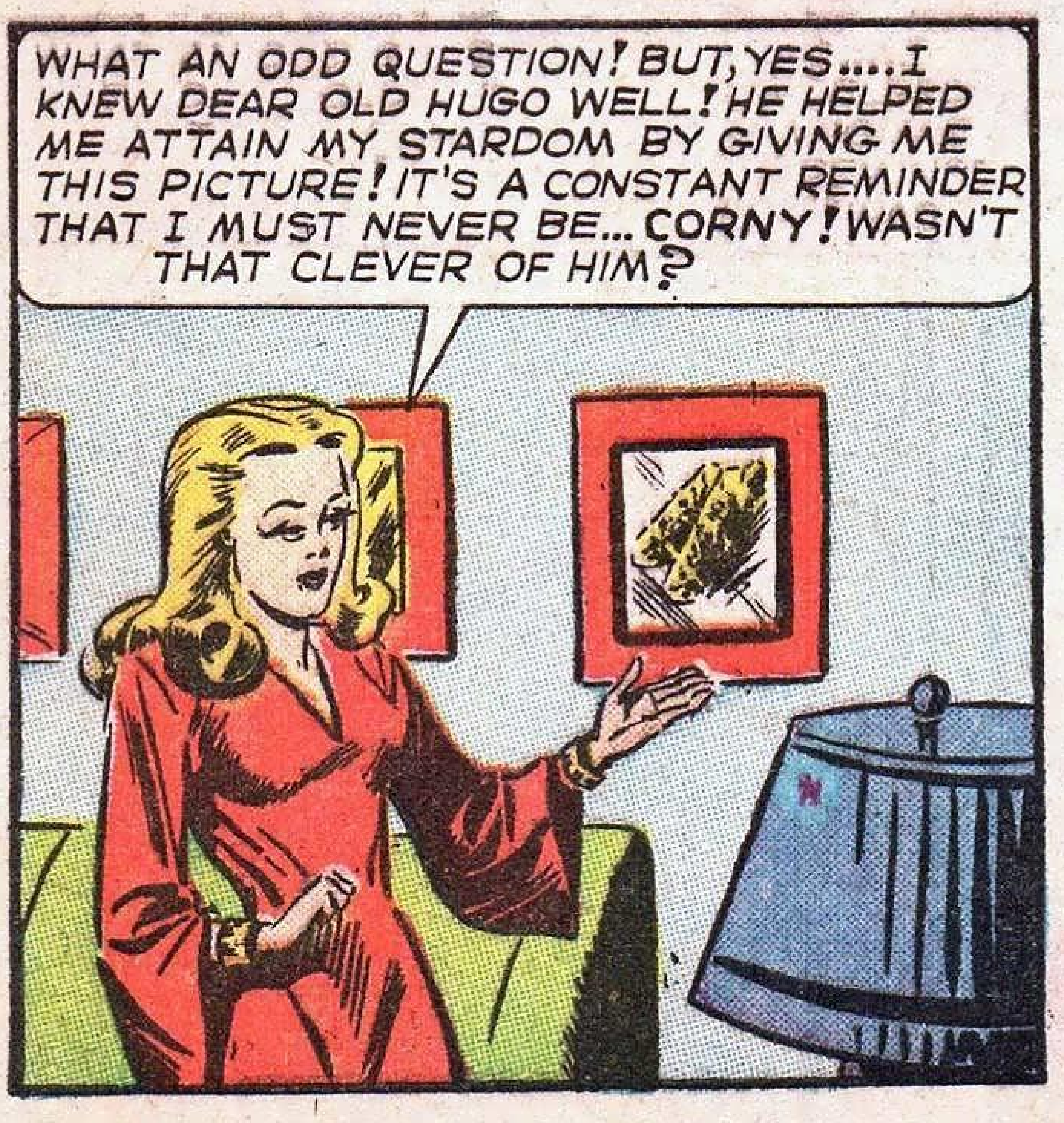
YOU'LL TAKE DIS, PAL!
ANOTHER PAIR OF THE YOUNG ALLIES SHOWS ITS COURAGE AND GIVES BATTLE TO THE MASKED MAN AND HIS HENCHMEN...
YOU RUFFIANS!
...AND HELPED BY THE ANGRY BARTENDER, THE YOUNG ALLIES SEEM ABOUT TO WIN OUT...
LET THESE KIDS ALONE, SEE!
HAVE A CHAIR!
But AGAIN THE WILY MASKED LEADER HAS HIS MEN DO THE FIGHTING, WHILE HE SCHEMES, AND SUDDENLY...
ROLL OUT THE BARREL...
HEY!
OOPS!
AND I'VE GOT THE GIN-BOTTLE CLUE!
THEY'RE GONE!
SHUCKS! DEY GOT AWAY! AN' DEY GOT DAT SECOND CLUE WHICH WE FIGURED OUT FOR DEM!

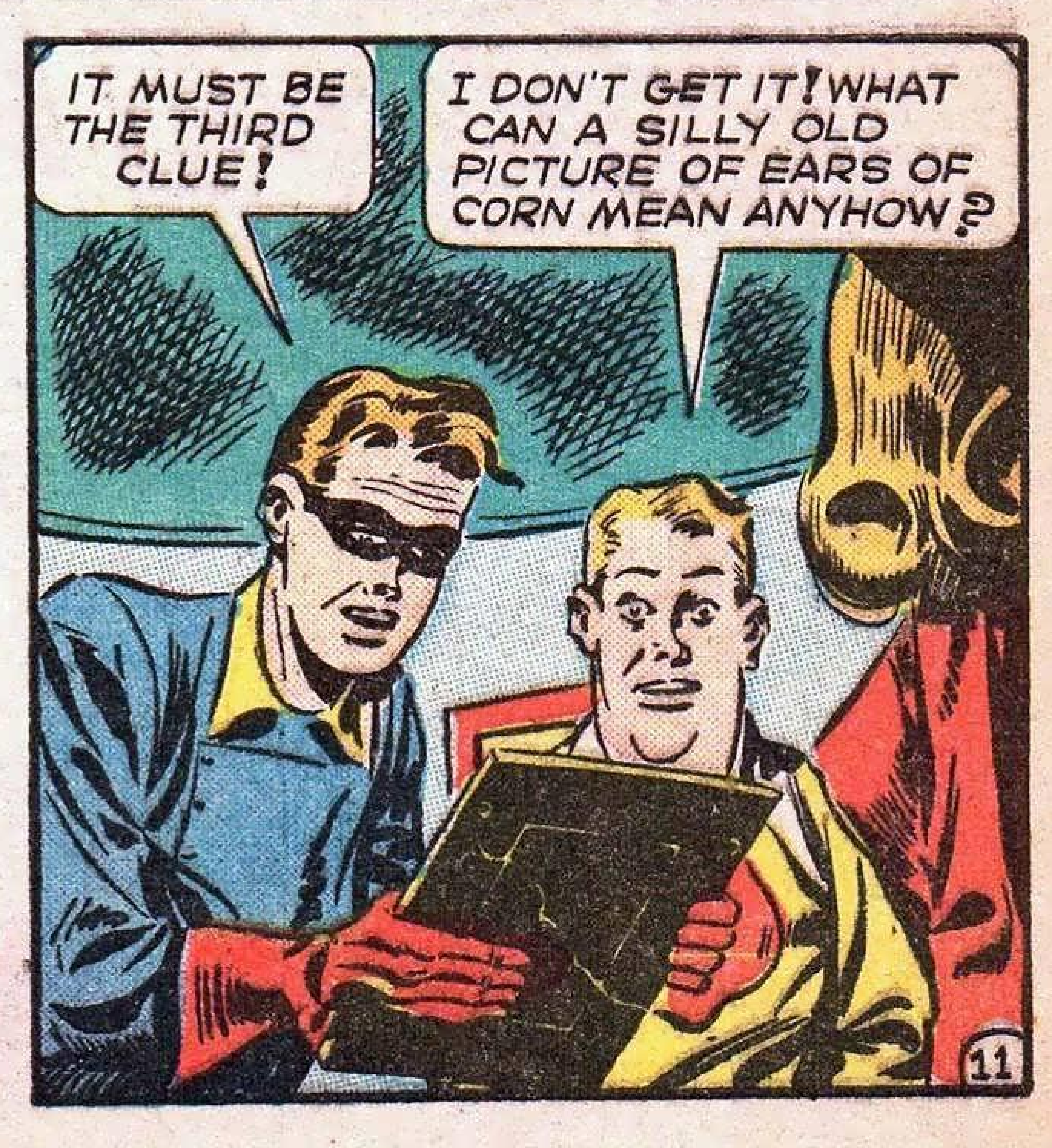
AGAIN THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE BEEN FRUSTRATED IN THEIR SEARCH FOR CLUES! WILL THE MASKED PLOTTER WIN ALL THREE CLUES? LET US FOLLOW THE FORTUNES OF BUCKY AND TUBBY AS THEY SEEK THE THIRD AND FINAL CLUE...
NO LUCK! WE JUST ABOUT COVERED EVERY PLACE THAT'S NAMED "STAR"!
STAR LAUND
"TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR! HOW I WONDER WHAT YOU ARE!" WOW! WHAT A BRAIN-TEASER! BUT MAYBE WE'RE GOING AT THIS THING WRONG, SOMEHOW...
WHAT'S THE REST OF THE POEM? "WAY UP IN THE AIR SO HIGH".... OH BOY! I'VE GOT IT! LOOK, TUBBY, A STAR LIVES UP THERE IN THAT PENTHOUSE... A MOVIE STAR!
BUT NOT FAR AWAY...
AHA! THAT COULD BE IT! YOU KNOW THESE YOUNG ALLIES ARE SMART! THEY LED US TO THE FIRST TWO CLUES! AND THAT'S WHY I FOLLOWED THESE LAST TWO BOYS, AS SOON AS I SPOTTED THEM!
YOU MEAN YOU THINK THE POEM REFERS TO MISS GLORIA GLAMMER, THE MOVIE STAR?
WHY NOT? HUGO MASTERSON MAY HAVE KNOWN HER, AND PLANTED A CLUE IN HER PENTHOUSE! WE'LL FIND OUT!
ER... WE WOULD LIKE MISS GLAMMER'S AUTOGRAPH...
I'M SORRY, BUT MISS GLAMMER IS TOO BUSY!
NONSENSE, MARIE! SHOW THEM IN!

The YOUNG ALLIES

CHAPTER 3


MY PUBLIC IS ALWAYS WELCOME TO COME AND GET MY AUTOGRAPH!
WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH, MISS GLAMMER, WE DIDN'T COME FOR YOUR AUTOGRAPH! WE... ER... WANT TO KNOW IF YOU EVER KNEW HUGO MASTERSON?


WHAT AN ODD QUESTION! BUT, YES.... I KNEW DEAR OLD HUGO WELL! HE HELPED ME ATTAIN MY STARDOM BY GIVING ME THIS PICTURE! IT'S A CONSTANT REMINDER THAT I MUST NEVER BE... CORNY! WASN'T THAT CLEVER OF HIM?


IT MUST BE THE THIRD CLUE!
I DON'T GET IT! WHAT CAN A SILLY OLD PICTURE OF EARS OF CORN MEAN ANYHOW?

SUDDENLY, THE INTRUDERS STRIKE!
NEVER MIND! WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT! THANKS FOR LEADING ME TO THE THIRD CLUE, KIDS!
YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH THIS, YOU LUGS!
BUT AGAIN THE CUNNING LEADER IS AWARE OF THE FIGHTING QUALITIES OF HIS BOY ANTAGONISTS, AND....
STOP, BOYS! UNLESS YOU WANT TO SEE MISS GLORIA GLAMMER'S BRAINS BLOWN OUT!
OH! MY ARM! LET ME GO!
TRICKERY HAS WON THE DAY FOR THE MASKED MAN...
NOW GET IN THAT CLOSET!
GOT TO DO IT, TUBBY! WE CAN'T RISK MISS GLAMMER'S LIFE!
NOW, GOODBYE... AND THANKS FOR THE PICTURE! IT'S THE FINAL CLUE TO THE PUZZLE MONEY!
THEY GOT AWAY!
DOGGONE! BUT I'M SORRY WE GOT YOU INTO SUCH A MESS, MISS GLAMMER! WE'LL LEAVE NOW!
12

GOSH, WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN, BUCKY?
I DON'T KNOW! I WONDER IF THE OTHER BOYS RAN INTO HIM? WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE CLUBHOUSE AND COMPARE NOTES!
AFTER THE STORY IS TOLD AT THE CLUBHOUSE...
SO WE ALL MET UP WITH THE MASKED MAN! AND HE'S GOT THE THREE CLUES TO THE PUZZLE! HE'LL GET THE MONEY! **ALL HE HAS TO DO IS PUT THE THREE CLUES TOGETHER!**
BUT, AT THE HIDE-OUT OF THE MASKED MAN, THE SOLUTION STILL REMAINS TO BE SOLVED...
HERE ARE THE THREE CLUES! BUT WHAT DO THEY MEAN? A CHILD'S BLOCK WITH THE LETTER "N" -- A BOTTLE OF GIN -- AND A PICTURE OF CORN! I'VE GOT TO FIGURE THIS OUT TO GET THE MONEY! HMMM....!
N
MEANWHILE, THE **YOUNG ALLIES** ALSO RACK THEIR BRAINS OVER THE STRANGE, ENIGMATIC CLUES...
WE DON'T NEED THE ACTUAL OBJECTS! WE KNOW WHAT THEY ARE! SO I CAN JUST DRAW THEM! THE QUESTION IS... WHAT DOES IT SPELL OUT? SOME WORD, MAYBE? COME ON, FELLAS ... THINK... THINK... THINK!
N + GIN +
I'VE GOT IT! THE BLOCK IS "**N**"! THE BOTTLE MAKES "**GIN**"! AND THE PICTURE SHOWS "**EAR**"! SPELL THE WHOLE THING OUT PHONETICALLY AND YOU GET **ENGINEER**!
GOOD WORK, JEFF! I'LL WRITE IT DOWN!
ENGINEER? DAT HELPS A LOT! I STILL DON'T GET IT!
BUT, I THINK I DO! HUGO MASTERSON HAD A COLLECTION OF **TOYS** AT HIS HOME! LET'S GET GOING!

As NIGHT FALLS AT THE HOME OF THE DEAD PUZZLE-LOVER...
BUT...ER..ISN'T THIS HOUSE-BREAKING?
NO! IN HIS WILL, MASTERSON STATED THAT HIS PRIVATE COLLECTION OF GAMES AND PUZZLES SHOULD BE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC! IT'S JUST NEAR CLOSING TIME, THAT'S ALL!
HEY, DIS JOINT'S FULL O' PUZZLES AND STUFF! NOW, HOW DO YA GET DIS GADGET APART?
NEVER MIND, KNUCKLES! WE HAVE TO FIND THE ENGINEER!
ENGINEER... ENGINEER! WHAT BETTER PLACE TO LOOK THAN IN THIS TOY TRAIN? AND HERE IT IS!
THE DOLL COMES APART! AND LOOK! INSIDE IS THE $50,000 IN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS! WE'VE SOLVED THE PUZZLE! HURRAY!
1000
But SUDDENLY!
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO CHEER ABOUT, KID! BECAUSE NOW I'LL TAKE THE MONEY! YOU FIGURED OUT THE FINAL CLUE AHEAD OF ME, BUT I CAME IN TIME TO CASH IN!
THE MASKED MAN!
And THEN TORO FLAMES ON!
I'LL MELT THEIR GUNS! THEN WE CAN BATTLE THEM ON EQUAL TERMS!

REUNITED, THE YOUNG ALLIES BLAZE INTO ACTION LIKE A WELL-OILED MACHINE!
ALTOGETHER NOW, BOYS! GIVE 'EM WHAT THEY'VE GOT COMING!
YAHOO!
AND LOOK WHO OUR MASKED MYSTERY IS... ANDREW APPLEBY-- THE LAWYER!
NOW TALK!
ALL RIGHT! I'M LICKED! I GOT JEALOUS AT THE THOUGHT THAT THE MEMBERS OF THE PUZZLE CLUB COULD SEARCH FOR THE MONEY... BUT I, THE LAWYER, COULDN'T! SO I SET OUT TO SEARCH FOR MYSELF! I NEARLY SUCCEEDED... EXCEPT FOR YOU YOUNG ALLIES!
LATER, ON THE WAY HOME...
IF I SHOOT AN ARROW IN THE SKY, MAYBE... HUH?
IT'S ALL OVER, SIR! THE PUZZLE HAS BEEN SOLVED AND THE MONEY GOES TO CHARITY! I GUESS YOU'D BETTER INFORM THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE PUZZLE CLUB, SO THEY DON'T KEEP SEARCHING OUT CLUES FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS!
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The YOUNG ALLIES
WHO IS THE MAD GENIUS THAT DWELLS IN THE OLD HOUSE? WHAT MANNER OF FEARSOME CREATURES HAS HE CREATED? THESE ARE THE PROBLEMS OF THE *YOUNG ALLIES* AS THEY PICK UP THE BLOODY TRAIL OF ---
The MAD-MAN of HORROR MOUNTAIN!

JAILBREAK AT AN EASTERN PENITENTIARY!
IT'S CLUB LARSON! GET HIM!
MISSED! YOU'RE SHOOTING TOO LOW!
FREE! HAW! HAW! AN' THEY WERE GONNA KEEP ME THERE FOR LIFE!
NOT MUCH OF A START, BUT I PLANNED THIS BREAK TOO WELL TO BE CAUGHT NOW. IF I CAN REACH THE HILLS, I'LL BE SAFE!
HOURS LATER:
THAT SHACK WILL MAKE A SWELL HIDEOUT. MAYBE I CAN PERSUADE THE OWNER TO SEE IT MY WAY...
MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE OLD HOUSE, A STRANGE SCENE IS TAKING PLACE...
SO! ONE THRUST OF THE SCALPEL AND IT'S DONE! AND JOE LAKE, ORDINARY CITIZEN, WILL BEGIN HIS EXTRAORDINARY TRANSFORMATION INTO A CREATURE OF MY WILL!
YOU SHALL BE MY SLAVE, MY CREATURE! TO OBEY MY COMMANDS --- TO DESTROY-TO KILL--SHALL BE YOUR DAILY FARE! DIE, JOE LAKE, DIE!
WHAT GOES ON HERE?

LUCKY CLUB LARSON, THAT'S ME! COMIN' IN JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE OLD GOAT KILL HIS PATIENT! THAT SHOULD BE GOOD FOR FOOD AND SHELTER IN RETURN FOR MY SILENCE!
HEY, CROAKER!
W-WHO ARE Y-YOU?
CLUB LARSON! JUST ESCAPED FROM THE PEN. I SAW YOU KNOCK OFF THAT FELLOW. WHAT'S THE IDEA?
HMM, AN ESCAPED CONVICT? I'M DOCTOR REID. I NEED, ER-- FRESH MATERIAL FOR MY EXPERIMENTS. MAYBE WE COULD DO BUSINESS! YOU SUPPLY ME WITH FRESH PATIENTS IN EXCHANGE FOR MY HELPING YOU TO MAINTAIN YOUR FREEDOM!
THIS GUY'S BATTY!
IT'S A DEAL! THERE'S A NUMBER OF GUYS I WANT TO PAY OFF FOR SENDING ME UP THE RIVER. OKAY, DOC— YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A NEW HELPER!
FINE! JUST FINE!
SEVERAL WEEKS PASS--- THEN ONE DAY, IN THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE **YOUNG ALLIES**---
HEY, GANG! LISTEN TO THIS NEWSFLASH! I'LL SWITCH IT TO THE LOUDSPEAKER!
THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JUDGE HENRY HAS JUST BEEN REPORTED! THIS IS THE THIRD SUCH DISAPPEARANCE IN TEN DAYS. THE OTHERS WERE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HOGAN AND DETECTIVE SERGEANT SHEA. THE FACT THAT THESE MEN WERE GOOD FRIENDS DEEPENS THE MYSTERY!

WHEW! SOMEONE'S GOT A GRUDGE AGAINST THE LAW IN THIS TOWN!
YES! IT CERTAINLY IS PECULIAR! I WONDER --- QUIET, FELLAS! HERE'S ANOTHER FLASH. LISTEN!
WALTON STATE PENITENTIARY! WARDEN DAWES STATES THE SEARCH FOR CLUB LARSON, ESCAPED LIFER, IS PROGRESSING SATISFACTORILY! HE HAS BEEN REPORTED SEEN IN DETROIT! POLICE ARE INVESTIGATING THE LEAD! LARSON ESCAPED TWO WEEKS AGO---
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? WE'VE BEEN GRIPING ABOUT THE LACK OF ACTION AND THERE'S A CRIME WAVE STARING US IN THE FACE!
YEAH! WE GOT OUR CHOICE. WHAT'LL IT BE, GANG? CLUB LARSON OR THE CASE OF THE VANISHING LAWMEN?
LET'S CHOOSE STRAWS!
QUIT IT, GUYS! THIS IS SERIOUS!
I WONDER IF WE HAVE TO CHOOSE? SUPPOSE LARSON'S ESCAPE AND THE THREE MEN'S DISAPPEARANCE ARE RELATED!
WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?
LARSON WAS FROM THIS TOWN. HE GOT SENT UP FOR KILLING A DRUGGIST IN A HOLD-UP. AND GET THIS! HE WAS SENTENCED BY JUDGE HENRY!
SAY! YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!
YES! AND THE CHANCES ARE, HOGAN AND SHEA SHARED IN HIS CONVICTION. LET'S GO TO WORK ON THIS, PRONTO!
OH ME--- HERE WE GO AGAIN!

WHERE WE GOING?
JUDGE HENRY'S HOME. MAYBE HIS WIFE CAN GIVE US A LEAD...
AND AT JUDGE HENRY'S HOME...
SO YOUR HUSBAND VANISHED LAST NIGHT? UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES?
THERE WAS A LETTER WAITING FOR HIM ON HIS RETURN FROM COURT. IT EXCITED HIM GREATLY! HE CALLED A CAB AND LEFT IMMEDIATELY. I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM SINCE!
A CAB? FROM WHAT COMPANY?
WHY, I BELIEVE IT WAS ONE FROM THE INTER-CITY CAB CO..
WE CAN CHECK ON THAT. GOOD-BYE, MRS. HENRY!
The INTER-CITY TAXI-CAB CO...
DID ONE OF YOUR MEN MAKE A CALL TO JUDGE HENRY'S HOME LAST NIGHT?
JUDGE HENRY? SURE! YOU WANT DANIELS. HEY, SHORTY! C'MERE!
TAXI
YEAH! I DROVE THE JUDGE TO SOME JOINT IN THE STICKS. SPOOKY PLACE, TOO! I SAYS TO THE.... HEY! WHAT'S DA IDEA?
THE IDEA IS, YOU'RE TAKING US OUT THERE TOO... BUT FAST!
SOMETIME LATER...
JEEPERS! T-THAT SURE LOOKS LIKE A HAUNTED HOUSE TO ME! DON'T BE SCARED, TUBBY. THERE'S PROBABLY NOTHING MORE DANGEROUS IN IT THAN MICE. PILE OUT, BOYS!

AS THE YOUNG ALLIES APPROACH THE OLD HOUSE, A FORBIDDING FIGURE WATCHES GRIMLY!
SOMETHIN'S COOKIN', DOC! THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE HEADED THIS WAY AND THEY'RE POISON!
INTERFERE, WILL THEY? WELL, I'LL SHOW THEM THE POWER OF SCIENCE. I'LL SEND ONE OF MY PETS TO GREET THEM!
OBEYING THE MAD DOCTOR'S COMMANDS, A MONSTER OF HORROR LUMBERS FORWARD!
GO, MONSTER OF MY CREATION! KILL! TO PROTECT YOUR MASTER!
WHILE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE...
WE'LL HAVE TO COVER BOTH ENTRANCES. WE'LL TAKE THIS SIDE... YOU TAKE THE OTHER!
OKAY! WHOEVER FINDS A CLUE FIRST, HOLLER!

THIS DOOR IS STUCK. GIVE ME A HAND, WILL YA?
I-I... I... B-**BUCKY, L-LOOK!**
HOLY SMOKE!
KILL! KILL!
Then --- THE MONSTROUS FIGURE STRIKES FURIOUSLY!
YAHOO! LET'S GET 'IM!
BUT THE THREE BOYS ARE OVERCOME BY THE MANIAC'S SUPER-STRENGTH!
GOLLY! DA GUY'S GOT AN IRON GRIP!
HE'S CARRYING US INTO THE HOUSE! IF ONLY TORO WERE HERE! **TORO! HELP!**

And THEN, IN THE REAR OF THE HOUSE--
HELP! TORO! HELP!
THAT'S BUCKY'S VOICE! WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!
TORO FLAMES!
I'M GOING AHEAD! FOLLOW ME UP FELLOWS!
SECONDS LATER...
TORO! GOOD BOY!
HANG ON, BUCKY! I'LL GIVE THIS OVER-GROWN LUMP A HOTFOOT!
As TORO ATTACKS, THE MONSTER DROPS HIS VICTIMS AND FACES TORO!
HERE'S HOW, PLUG-UGLY!

TOGETHER, BUCKY AND TORO UNLEASH A TERRIFIC ONSLAUGHT!
MY PAL, TORO, SLOWED YOU UP PLENTY!
WATCH HIM, BUCKY! HE'S A NASTY CUSTOMER. OH-OH, HERE'S ANOTHER ONE!
UNDER THE DUO'S CONCERTED ATTACK, THE MONSTER COLLAPSES!
WE'VE GOT 'IM! HE'S THROUGH!
BUT LOOK AT THE OTHER GUY! HE'S GOT KNUCKLES AND TUBBY!
But TOO LATE! THE CREATURE AND HIS VICTIMS ARE GONE!
THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!
WHAT IS UP! WHAT HAPPENED?
IT'S KNUCKLES AND TUBBY! A MONSTER'S GOT THEM! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM!
MEANWHILE, THE MONSTER ENTERS THE LABORATORY...
SO! WE'VE GOT TWO OF THEM! I'LL USE THEM IN MY EXPERIMENTS!
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? MAYBE WE CAN USE THESE TO TRAP THEIR PALS!

AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION! THEY'RE CERTAIN TO COME HERE LOOKING FOR THEIR FRIENDS!
AND WHEN THEY DO, WE'LL HAVE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE WAITING!
And AS THE REMAINING ALLIES FRANTICALLY SEARCH THE PREMISES FOR THE UNLUCKY TWOSOME...
THIS PLACE IS A REGULAR LABYRINTH. WE COULD LOOK FOR HOURS AND NEVER FIND THEM!
THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO. COME ON, THE CORRIDOR MAKES A TURN AHEAD!
As THE YOUNG ALLIES TURN THE CORNER...
WOW! A PRISONER!
IT'S JUDGE HENRY! I'M GOING TO FREE HIM!
TORO FREES THE JUDGE BY MELTING HIS CHAINS!
NOW, JUDGE-MAYBE YOU CAN TELL US WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
THERE'S A MAD-MAN IN THIS HOUSE-NAME IS DOCTOR REID. HE CREATES THESE MONSTERS BY MUTILATING KIDNAPPED VICTIMS! HE HOPES TO USE THEM FOR WORLD CONQUEST!
CLUB LARSON'S HIS ACCOMPLICE. IT WAS HE WHO TRICKED HOGAN, SHEA AND MYSELF. POOR DEVILS! THEY ARE TWO OF HIS MONSTERS NOW! I WAS TO BE NEXT!
WHERE'S REID'S LABORATORY? HE HAS TWO OF OUR FRIENDS PRISONER!
THE TOP FLOOR. I'LL SHOW YOU. I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH REID AND LARSON MYSELF!

MOMENTS LATER....
YAHOO!
IN WE GO! I'LL CLEAR THE WAY!
But THE MAD DOCTOR IS READY FOR THEM!
FOOLS! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN DESTROY ME? LOOK!
THE PULLING OF THE SWITCH BRINGS TO LIFE THE UNHOLY MONSTERS OF THE EVIL DOCTOR!
WOW! TROUBLE COMES IN BATCHES!
I'M GOING TO RELEASE KNUCKLES AND TUBBY! BETWEEN US, WE CAN TAKE 'EM!

KNUCKLES AND TUBBY, RELEASED BY TORO, ALSO LEAP INTO THE TERRIFIC BATTLE!
NO MERCY IS ASKED OR GIVEN IN THE DEADLY STRUGGLE!
SUFFERIN' CATFISH! HE'S FALLING INTO THE MACHINE! THERE'LL BE A....
SHORT CIRCUIT! WHICH SETS OFF A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS!
BOOM

And WITH THE MACHINE THAT CONTROLS THEIR WILLS DESTROYED, THE MONSTERS TURN ON THEIR FORMER MASTERS!
DOC! THEY'RE AFTER US! DO SOMETHING!
I CAN'T! THEY WON'T OBEY! AGGH! DON'T TOUCH ME!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, GUYS! THOSE EXPLOSIONS HAVE SET FIRE TO THE PLACE!
OUT YOU GO, BOYS!
THE GROWING FLAMES PAINT A WEIRD SCENE, AS THE DYING SCREAMS OF THE MURDEROUS TWOSOME MINGLE WITH THE CRASH OF FALLING TIMBERS, AND THE OLD HOUSE IS A FLAMING INFERNO!
ARRGGHH!
OUTSIDE, THE YOUNG ALLIES WATCH AS THE HOUSE, NOW GUTTED BY FLAMES, CRUMBLES!
THAT'S THE END OF THE MAD DOCTOR AND HIS MONSTERS!
YES, AND GOOD RIDDANCE, TOO!
The End

EYES AROUND THE WORLD

NEAL was a very smart fellow . . . that's why his acquaintances called him "bright-boy," a nickname which stuck to him as long as he was in the newsreel racket. Neal was smart, because he did not work for one special company, but free-lanced. Whatever spectacular shots he took with his super-speed camera, he offered to the highest bidder among the several big newsreel companies. And he seemed to get some of the best dramatic shots ever filmed. "Bright-boy" Neal was in demand, and he liked it!

The whole world was his backdrop, from the volcanic eruptions of Vesuvius to the roaring crowds in a Stadium at the Olympic games. It was not easy to keep track of him. One day you'd swear he was in Mexico . . . but scarcely a few days had passed when he popped up in China, taking his grand newsreel shots and shipping them by the fastest plane to the States.

And then one day, Neal disappeared; just dropped out of sight. He was missed from his usual haunts in the world capitals. The last one to see him had been Tom Drake, at the Varden Hotel in Cairo. Tom reported that Neal had seemed in good spirits. And now Neal had not been heard from in a week, which was the longest time he had not sent in his films to newsreel companies.

. . . Neal *had* left the Varden Hotel in Cairo with a definite destination in mind. He lugged his camera, film and recording equipment into a cab and told the driver to hurry to Payne Field. Here, a private plane was being warmed up. A tall, slender swarthy Egyptian was standing nearby. He saw Neal approaching and watched him with half-closed eye-lids. The cameraman reached the silent figure.

"I'm ready, Ben," Neal said. "Ben" was his nickname for the Egyptian. It was part of a much longer name, but "Ben" was all Neal could remember.

The pair entered the cabin and settled themselves comfortably as the plane took off. Neal sat close to the silent Egyptian. There were many things he wanted to know, and this was the time to ask questions.

"Tell me more about this Yaki tribe, Ben."

Ben thought for a moment, and then spoke:

"The Yakis are a very ancient tribe. Their origin is unknown, but certain it is that they have lived in this valley of lower Egypt for many centuries. They consider themselves the first people created, and so refuse to come into contact with people of other nations. No foreigner has been known to visit their city and return to the outer world . . . alive!"

"And these ancient rites of which you spoke," Neal continued, "what is the purpose of them?"

"Each year the Yakis perform ceremonies at which they dramatize the ancient legends of the tribe. We should arrive there in time to witness this year's ceremonies!"

Neal glanced at Ben. He wasn't sure he should ask this personal question, but did anyway.

"You are a Yaki, Ben. Why did you leave your people?"

The Egyptian-Yaki was silent for a moment, and then replied:

"I was a rebel among my people. I wanted them to come into contact with the rest of the world . . . to adopt and benefit by the advanced civilization of other peoples. But the leaders of my tribe denounced me as a traitor and sentenced me to death. I had to flee. I have lived in Cairo for many years now. I hope that someday things will change and my people will open their hidden city to the world!"

Hours later, the small transport plane landed on a bare strip cut out of the surrounding jungle growth. Neal, Ben and the native pilot climbed out and stretched.

"A few miles trek through the jungle and we shall be there," Ben said.

The two native men carried their share of film and recording equipment, while Neal carried his precious camera. They followed a path into the forest. The trio was soon engulfed by the shadows. They slowly made their way towards the secret city of the Yakis.

... Finally, they arrived at their destination, the hidden city of Anigu. Peering through the protecting branches of the low bushes, Neal saw dozens of the Yaki natives astride small horses. These men wore strange garments, multi-colored. In their hands, they bore a variety of weapons; swords, clubs, daggers, and pikes.

"We have come in time," Ben whispered. "They are about to reproduce the bloody battle of Anigu, which occurred hundreds of years ago, according to our legends!"

That was all Neal wanted to hear. Speedily, he set up his camera, already loaded with film. The lens peered through the bushes, ready to record a scene never before witnessed by the eyes of a white man.

The warriors on the horses remained still, in silent anticipation. Ben explained that those on the left represented the attacking hordes at Anigu, and were actually descended from the enemy prisoners taken at that siege. The warriors on the right were the defending Yakis, and these specially-selected men supposedly were direct descendants of those gallant warriors of hundreds of years ago, who had repulsed the invader and so kept Anigu a free city for the Yakis.

Suddenly, the air was split by a wild yell. The leader of the invaders had raised his pike up high and was yelling . . . an unearthly cry that made Neal shudder. And the battle was on!

The opposing warriors rushed at each other with screams and whoops, brandishing many varieties of death-dealing weapons.

Neal turned the handle of his camera as fast as he could, unwilling to lose a single bit of this exciting action. And then a horrifying thing happened!

Neal had thought that this was to be merely a pantomimic "battle"; an historic show put on for the Yakis who were crowded along the sidelines of this vast area to witness the fight. But Neal was wrong . . . these warriors were *actually* striking with their knives and clubs, drawing blood as men fell from their horses to the crimson dirt of the ground!

As if in a trance, Neal continued to grind out this epical scene. The recording equipment picked up the wild, eerie clamor of the fierce warriors and the sharp cracking of sword upon pike. It was like a nightmare. Neal expected to snap out of it and hear a director shout: "Cut!" But this was no fake movie scene! It was an exact reoccurrence of an ancient African battle that was unrecorded in written history!

. . . A few days later, Bright-boy Neal was back in Cairo and was sitting in the club lounge with his fellow newsreel cameramen. They were laughing at him, ridiculing him for trying to pass such an incredible and fantastic tale on them.

"But I'm telling you there *is* such a tribe as the Yakis," Neal insisted. "They've lived for centuries in this hidden city near the source of the Nile. No white man has ever returned from the region to tell the story of this ancient tribe and their heroic history."

"Listen, Neal," Tom Drake interrupted him. "You're a good cameraman when it comes to erupting volcanoes and revolutionary street battles. But don't try to give us that bunk about filming a bloody battle that took place hundreds of years ago."

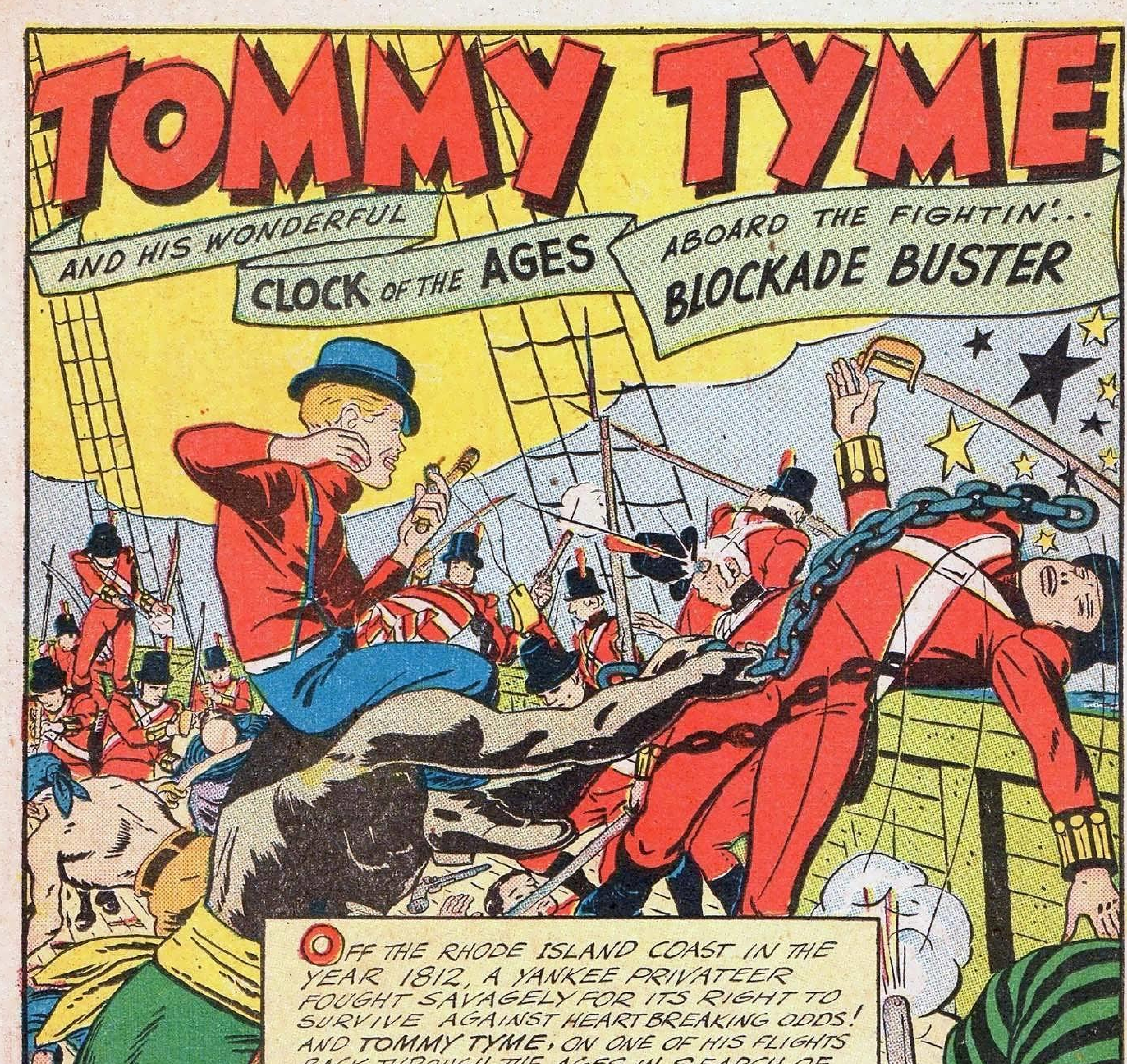
"Yeah . . . where's your Time Machine, Bright-boy?" someone else chimed in, and they all roared with derisive laughter.

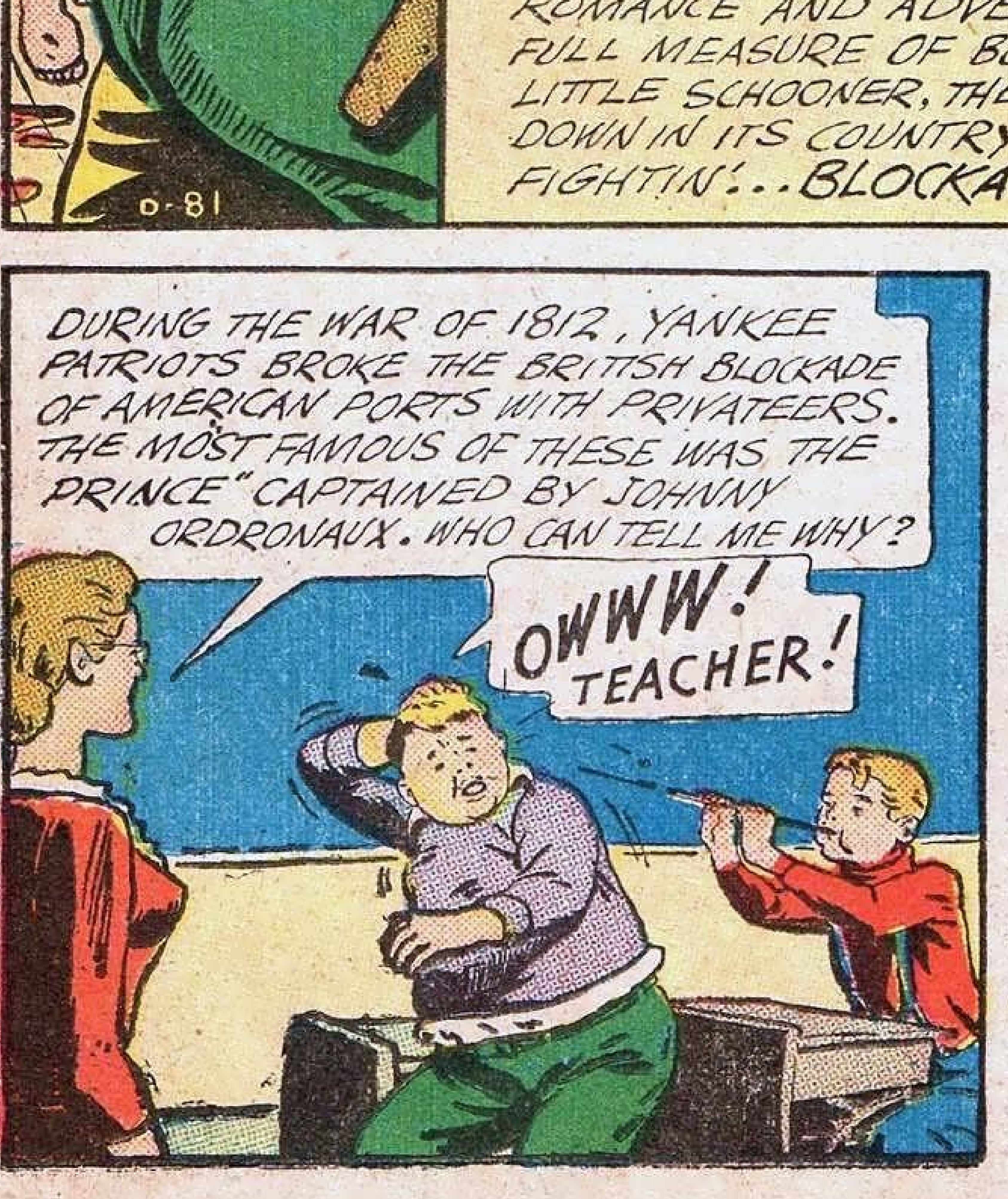
But Neal had the last laugh a few weeks later. His filming and recording of the battle of Anigu was shown in packed theatres throughout the States. He had brought to life the blood and thunder, the clatter of arms of a battle which had been spoken of as probably a legend by a small band of learned scholars. And all agreed that Bright-boy Neal had scooped the world's cameramen again

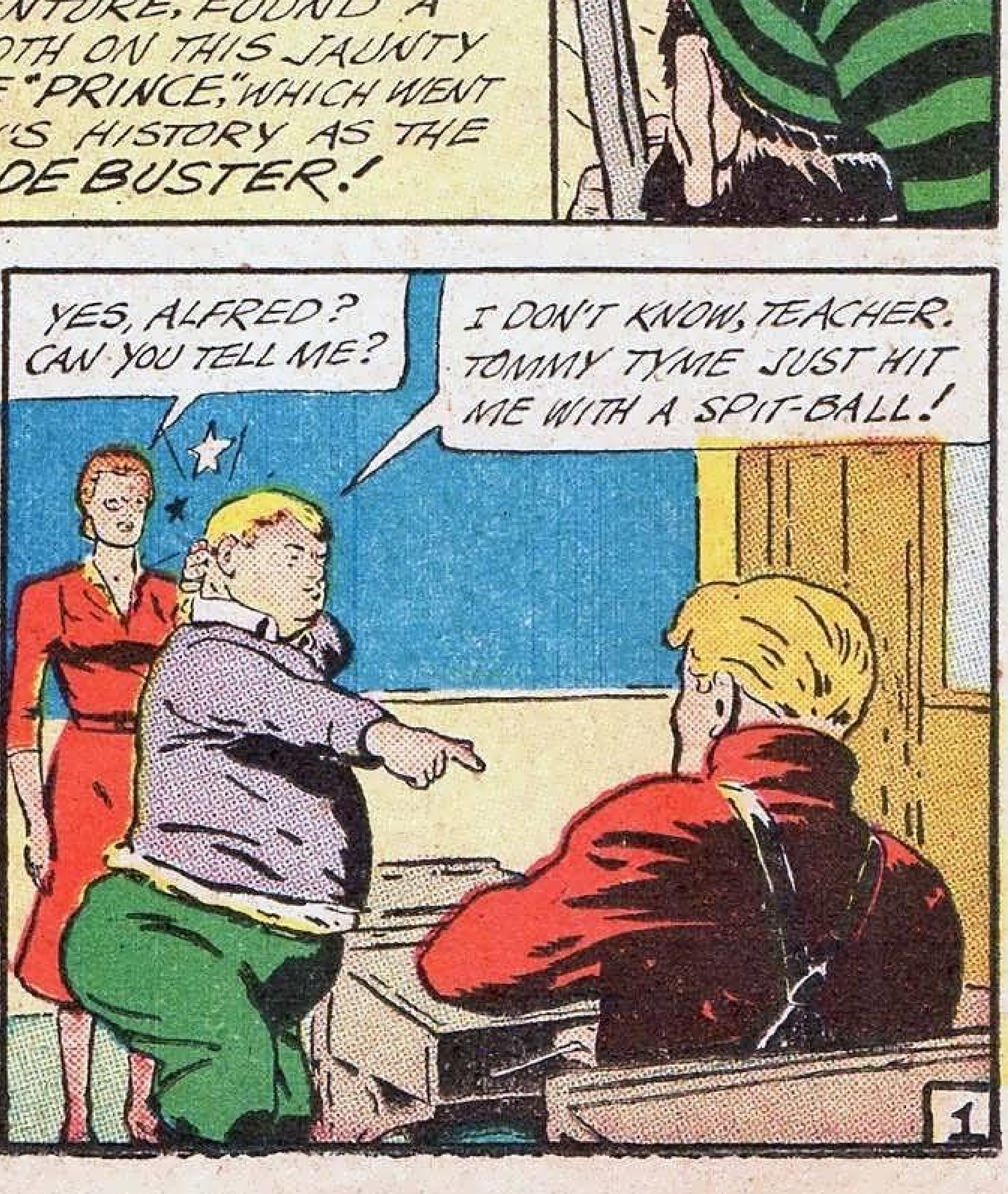
The "eyes" of his camera had not only "seen" varied happenings around the world, but they had also pierced the veil of Time-gone-by, and recorded a mighty epic of the irretrievable past! F-1

The End

TOMMY TYME


AND HIS WONDERFUL
CLOCK OF THE AGES
ABOARD THE FIGHTIN'... BLOCKADE BUSTER
OFF THE RHODE ISLAND COAST IN THE YEAR 1812, A YANKEE PRIVATEER FOUGHT SAVAGELY FOR ITS RIGHT TO SURVIVE AGAINST HEARTBREAKING ODDS! AND TOMMY TYME, ON ONE OF HIS FLIGHTS BACK THROUGH THE AGES IN SEARCH OF ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE, FOUND A FULL MEASURE OF BOTH ON THIS JAUNTY LITTLE SCHOONER, THE "PRINCE," WHICH WENT DOWN IN ITS COUNTRY'S HISTORY AS THE FIGHTIN'... BLOCKADE BUSTER!
0-81


DURING THE WAR OF 1812, YANKEE PATRIOTS BROKE THE BRITISH BLOCKADE OF AMERICAN PORTS WITH PRIVATEERS. THE MOST FAMOUS OF THESE WAS THE "PRINCE" CAPTAINED BY JOHNNY ORDRONAUX. WHO CAN TELL ME WHY?
OWWW! TEACHER!


YES, ALFRED? CAN YOU TELL ME?
I DON'T KNOW, TEACHER. TOMMY TYME JUST HIT ME WITH A SPIT-BALL!

MAKING TROUBLE AGAIN, EH? PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO TELL US WHY THE "PRINCE" WAS FAMOUS AS A PRIVATEER?
(GROAN) ME AN' ME PEA-SHOOTER! ME CLOCK HAS TO GIT ME OUTTA DIS ONE..
UH.. IT WUZ LIKE DIS, TEACHER..
TOMMY STALLS ON THE ANSWER WHILE HE QUICKLY TURNS THE HANDS OF HIS TIME CLOCK BACK TO THE YEAR 1812..
HERE I GO!
HE SEEMS TO FLOAT FROM THE CLASSROOM, AND MOMENTS LATER FINDS HIMSELF ON A COBBLED STREET OF OLD PHILADELPHIA...
I AM JOHNNY ORDRONAUX... I AM FROM FRANCE BUT AN AMERICAN.. THIS IS THE LAND OF BRAVE MEN... FREE MEN.. BOLD MEN... I SAIL FOR LIBERTY, EQUALITY, INDEPENDENCE! I OFFER SHARES OR WAGES... I WILL TAKE IRISH, JEWS, NEGROES, GERMANS, PORTUGUESE, FRENCHMEN, ANY WHO OWN THE NAME AMERICAN. FILL YOUR HATS WITH GOLD.. STRIKE FOR LIBERTY! I SAIL FOR A YEAR AND A DAY.. SIGN ON AT THE LIBERTY TAVERN
JOHNNY ORDRONAUX! DAT'S DA CAPTAIN OF DA "PRINCE"! SAY, D'YA KNOW WHERE DIS TAVERN IS?
SHO', LAD! YOU SIGN WITH JOHNNY ON SHIP, NO? YOU COME WITH ME. BULL KENTON SHOW YOU WHAR TO GO.
A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE LIBERTY TAVERN, TOMMY OFFERS HIS SERVICES TO JOHNNY ORDRONAUX...
HO! HO! HO! SO YOU WANT TO SIGN UP TO FIGHT THE BRITISH? HO! HO! (GASP) (GASP) AND WHAT WOULD A SLIP OF A LAD LIKE YOU BE DOIN' ABOARD THE "PRINCE"?
"FIGHT," 'E SAYS! HAR! HAR! HAR!
FIGHT!

YOU NO LAUGH! HIM MY FRIEND. YOU SIGN HIM UP, I GO! NO SIGN HIM UP.. I NO GO!
HM! I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE A FIGHTIN' WILDCAT LIKE YOU, BULL. HE GOES! STEP UP, SON, AND SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE!
T'ANKS, PAL!
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, THE "PRINCE" SAILS WITH THE TIDE...
GOSH! WE'RE OFF!
AYE! AND MAY THE SEAFARING GODS BE GOOD TO US IN OUR STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY. BEFORE WE REACH PHILADELPHIA AGAIN, MUCH BLOOD WILL FLOW!
MUCH BLOOD DOES FLOW AND MANY FAT BRITISH MERCHANT SHIPS, BULGING WITH FOODSTUFFS AND IMPLEMENTS OF WAR, ARE RUN BACK THROUGH THE BRITISH BLOCKADE TO UNLOAD THEIR LIFE-SAVING CARGOES AT PHILADELPHIA WHARVES..
BRITISH GUNPOWDER! FOR THE COLONIES..WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF JOHNNY ORDRONAUX AND HIS PRIVATEER CREW!
THEN ONE MORNING THE "PRINCE" RETURNS TO AMERICAN WATERS, BUT IS BECALMED OFF NANTUCKET. SUDDENLY...
BRITISH FRIGATE OFF OUR PORT BOW, SIR!
AND US NOT ABLE TO STIR AN INCH! BLAST 'EM! THEY'LL MAKE MINCE-MEAT OUT OF US WITH THEIR LONG GUNS!
BOOM BOOM BOOM
WHAT?!! LOOK AT DAT! DOSE DOPES COULDN'T HIT DA SIDE OF A BARN!
WE OUT OF RANGE, THAT WHY. LOOK— THEY PUT BOATS OVERSIDE!
THOSE FILTHY DEVILS! PIPE ALL HANDS ON DECK! ISSUE SMALL ARMS! PREPARE TO REPEL BOARDERS!

JOHNNY ORDRONAUX ISSUES SPEEDY ORDERS TO HIS MEN. AND THEY RESPOND AS A UNIFIED, WELL-TRAINED FIGHTING FORCE!
NOW! GIVE 'EM A TASTE OF YANKEE LEAD!
YOUSE HIT 'EM! DAT'S DA TICKET! OH, YOUSE KIDS!
BOOM
BUT THE BRITISH CLOSE IN, BOARD THE "PRINCE"..
BOARDERS ON THE PORT SIDE!
BOARDERS ON THE STARBOARD SIDE!
THIS TIME REAL FIGHT-STAY WITH BULL! I NO LET HARM COME TO YOU!
OUTNUMBERED BY THE BRITISH TEN TO ONE, THEY FOUGHT LIKE MEN POSSESSED, SHOULDER TO SHOULDER..JEW, NEGRO, SLAV, FRENCHMAN..BUT AMERICANS ALL!
AND POSSESSED THEY WERE! FOR THESE MEN KNEW FOR WHAT THEY FOUGHT: LIBERTY, EQUALITY, INDEPENDENCE! WORDS OF FIRE TO FREE MEN EVERYWHERE!
T'ANKS! HEY, LOOK! DEY'RE BEATIN' IT!
THAT IS GOOD. BUT I DO NOT THINK FIGHT IS OVER. THE BRITISH ARE OF GREAT STUBBORNNESS!

APPALLED BY THE SAVAGE RECEPTION THEY GET, THE BRITISH RETREAT TO THEIR BOATS . . .
YAH! YAH! DAT'LL TEACH YUH TO MESS WIT' US!
THEY BE BACK!
AYE, I'M AFRAID THEY WILL...
. . . AND SORE SHAPE WE'RE IN TO MEET 'EM! HALF THE CREW IS EITHER DEAD OR WOUNDED—AND THE REST ARE EXHAUSTED! OUR ONLY HOPE FOR SURVIVAL IS IN A BREEZE!
MAYBE WE GET WIND BY NIGHT!
THEY'LL BE BACK BEFORE THEN! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FIGHT 'EM OFF THE BEST WE CAN!
LET 'EM COME! WE'LL MOIDER DA BUMS!
LATE THAT AFTERNOON, THE ENEMY ATTACKS AGAIN!
HURRY, LAD! WE NEED ALL HANDS ON THE AFT DECK!
KEEP YOUR SHOIT ON, CAPTAIN! I'LL BE DERE!
YIPPEE! MAKE WAY FOR DE CANNONBALL EXPRESS!
GOOD LAD, TOMMY! HERE'S OUR CHANCE, MEN! DRIVE THE RAIDING FOOLS FROM OUR DECKS!
SWOOSH!
5

ONCE AGAIN THE BEATEN ENEMY WITHDRAWS. BUT THIS TIME ONLY TO CATCH THEIR BREATH AND RE-FORM THEIR RANKS...
HEY, WHAT DEY GONNA DO?
JUMPIN' JEHOSAPHAT! THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK!
THAT FINISH FOR US.. WE NO CAN BEAT 'EM OFF AGAIN!
AS THE EXHAUSTED MEN, PREPARED TO SELL THEIR LIVES DEARLY, WAIT FOR THE FINAL ATTACK, TOMMY NOTICES A CHANGE IN THE AIR!
LOOK AT DAT! DA SAILS ARE PUFFIN' OUT!
GLORY BE! WIND!
WIND? LET DOWN THE REST OF THE CANVAS! STEP LIVELY, LADS. WE'VE GOT TO SHOW THE FRIGATE A CLEAN PAIR O' HEELS!
AFTER MINUTES OF HECTIC LABOR AND ALMOST UNBEARABLE SUSPENSE, THE "PRINCE" RESPONDS TO THE FRESHENING BREEZE...
WE'RE LEAVIN' 'EM SO FAR BEHIND YOU'D THINK DEY WUZ STANDIN' STILL!
AYE! THE BRITISH HAVE THE FIRE-POWER, BUT FOR SPEED I'LL TAKE THE YANKEE SHIPS AN' THE FIGHTIN' MEN THAT SAIL 'EM!
..LIKE TOMMY HERE!
AYE! YOU'RE A GOOD LAD, TOMMY. WHEN WE GET BACK TO PHILADELPHIA THERE'S A HOUSE THAT'D BE HONORED TO HAVE YOU STAY IN IT. WHAT D'YOU SAY?
WHY, I'D BE...? (GULP)
RING RING RING!
BEFORE HE CAN ANSWER, THE ALARM BELL ON HIS MYSTIC CLOCK RINGS AND....
..HE IS BACK IN THE CLASSROOM!
..AN' AFTER DA LAST BRITISH ATTACK WUZ BEATEN OFF, DA WIND SPRINGS UP AN' DA "PRINCE" TAKES A POWDER FER HOME! DAT WUZ DA BATTLE DAT MADE DA "PRINCE" AN' HER CREW FAMOUS!
AN AMAZINGLY WELL TOLD STORY! MY! IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D ALMOST THINK YOU WERE THERE!
MAYBE I WUZ! HUH, KIDS?
THE END

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE

The "TELL-TALE TULIP!"

STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP • By Al Bellman

WHO STOLE MRS. VAN KINSEY'S PRICELESS NECKLACE? THAT IS THE QUESTION WHICH CONFRONTS DETECTIVE MICHAEL TRAPP ......
MADAM, YOUR NECKLACE! IT--IT'S GONE!
GOOD GRACIOUS! CALL THE POLICE!
BE CALM, MRS. VAN KINSEY, AND TELL ME WHEN YOU FIRST DISCOVERED THE NECKLACE WAS MISSING!
I WAS DANCING WITH MR. GREGORY DRAKE WHEN JARVIS, MY BUTLER, APPROACHED!
HOURS OF INVESTIGATION FAIL TO PRODUCE A CLUE OR THE NECKLACE!
I'M SORRY, MRS. VAN KINSEY--BUT I'LL HAVE TO LET EVERYONE GO! I'LL CONTINUE THE INVESTIGATION IN THE MORNING!
THE NEXT DAY, TRAPP PAYS A VISIT TO GREGORY DRAKE!
SURELY, MR. TRAPP, YOU DON'T SUSPECT ME---?
JUST ROUTINE, MR. DRAKE! MIND IF I LOOK AROUND?
AH... I SEE YOU'RE A LOVER OF FLOWERS, DRAKE!
BUT UNDOUBTEDLY, YOU KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT THEM-WITHOUT LOOKING-I KNOW YOU HAVE BURIED MRS. VAN KINSEY'S NECKLACE IN THAT FLOWER BOX!
LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, DRAKE MAKES A CONFESSION!
AFTER I SLIPPED THE PEARL NECKLACE FROM HER NECK, I PLACED IT IN A BOWL OF CRACKED ICE WHICH WAS NEARBY. IT WAS SIMPLE TO RETRIEVE THEM AFTER YOU LEFT! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW I HAD THEM HIDDEN IN THE FLOWER BOX?
ALL FLOWERS FACE THE SUN--BUT ONE OF YOUR FLOWERS FACED AWAY FROM IT, SO I KNEW YOU MUST'VE BURIED THE NECKLACE UNDER THE FLOWER!

TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!

The YOUNG ALLIES
IN
"THE GHOST WALKS SOFTLY!"
WOULD YOU, DEAR READER, DARE TO STAY IN A HAUNTED HOUSE OVERNIGHT? WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HEARD THE GHASTLY CLUMP! CLIMP! OF AN APPROACHING GHOST?
THE YOUNG ALLIES, DEFYING ALL SUPERNATURAL HORRORS, SPEND A NIGHT OF TERROR IN A HAUNTED HOUSE, AND SOLVE THE WEIRD MYSTERY OF--- THE LIMPING GHOST--- OR DO THEY???
D46

AT THEIR CLUBHOUSE, THE YOUNG ALLIES CONSTANTLY KEEP IN PHYSICAL TRIM FOR THEIR BATTLES AGAINST THE CRIMINAL WORLD----
GATHER 'ROUND, FELLAS!
HOW'S DIS, FELLAS? NO HANDS, SEE?
WE'VE ALL HAD A GOOD PHYSICAL WORKOUT, BUT IN FIGHTING THE UNDERWORLD, WE ALSO HAVE TO BE MENTALLY AND EMOTIONALLY ALERT! WE HAVE TO KEEP OUR NERVES IN TRIM AS WELL AS OUR MUSCLES!
I DON'T GET IT! WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, BUCKY?
JUST THIS, TORO! TO BUILD OUR NERVE, WE'RE GOING TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN A HAUNTED HOUSE!
BUCKY CARRIES THROUGH HIS STRANGE PLAN, AND LEADS HIS BUDDIES TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, WHERE A BROODING OLD HOUSE STANDS ALONE---
THIS IS THE OLD WICKARD FAMILY HOUSE! IT HASN'T BEEN LIVED IN FOR 20 YEARS! THEY SAY STRANGE SOUNDS ARE HEARD AT NIGHT--
IS IT REALLY--- ER--HAUNTED?
NAW! DERE AIN'T NO SUCH T'INGS AS GHOSTS! I'LL GO IN FOIST! I AIN'T AFRAID OF NO GHOSTS! HA! HA!
BUT, ONLY A MOMENT LATER---
WHAT'S THE MATTER, KNUCKLES?
YIII! A GHOST! I HOID IT-- IT'S CHASING ME! HALP!
EEOWRRR!

HEAH'S YO' OLE "GHOST," KNUCKLES--- ONLY A CAT!
KNUCKLES, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU! BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHY WE SHOULD ALL SPEND THE NIGHT IN THIS CREEPY OLD HOUSE-- JUST TO LEARN TO KEEP OUR NERVES IN CHECK!
NOW TO MAKE OURSELVES COMFORTABLE. YOU CAN DOZE IF YOU WANT, BUT WE'LL SPEND THE WHOLE NIGHT HERE. THIS IS MY IDEA OF HOW TO BUILD **IRON NERVES!**
I HOPE WE DON'T END UP WITH NERVOUS BREAK-DOWNS INSTEAD!
TIME PASSES SLOWLY, AND SUDDENLY!
WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE A LIMPING MAN!
C-CAN IT B-BE A G-GHOST?
CLUMP! CLIMP! CLIMP! CLUMP!
NAW! WHO-EVER **HOID** OF A **LIMPING GHOST?**
WELL, LET'S FIND OUT! INSTEAD OF JUST SITTING AND SHIVERING, WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE ALL SOUNDS! THAT'S PART OF MY TRAINING PROGRAM. WE'LL PROBABLY FIND IT'S A FLAPPING SHADE OR SOMETHING!
NATURALLY, THE LAST THING WE'D FIND IS GHOSTS, SINCE THEY DON'T EXIST! I'LL PAY YOU FELLAS A DIME FOR EVERY GHOST WE MEET!
OOOWOOOO!
YII-III-III- GHOSTS!
HOLY SMOKE! L-LOOKS LIKE YOU OWE US SOME MONEY, BUCKY!
3

BUT AFTER A MOMENT OF SHOCK, BUCKY COLLECTS HIS WITS AND BRAVELY RUSHES FORWARD!
GHOSTS, BAH! SOMEBODY IS TRYING TO SCARE US AWAY, THAT'S WHAT! THIS "GHOST" HAS A **SOLID** CHIN, SEE?
UGH!
HEY, LOOK! DEY'RE JUST PLAIN THUGS WEARIN' DESE SHEETS! PILE INTO 'EM, FELLAS!
YAHOO! ALL THEY SCARED UP WAS A BUNCH OF TROUBLE!
COMIN' YOUR WAY, WHITEWASH!
AH'S GOT HIM, TUBBY!
OVER YOU GO, CHUM!
OUR GYM TRAINING IS PROVING MOST EFFECTIVE!
BUT IN THE DIM CONFINES OF THE ROOM, THE THUGS MANAGE TO RALLY, AND ---
HERE'S OUR CHANCE! QUICK— INTO DI'S ROOM! WE'LL GIVE 'EM DA SLIP!

SAY, THEY'RE GONE!
SKIPPED ON US--- BUT HOW?
CLICK!
DAT SECRET PANEL IN DA WALL SURE SAVED OUR NECKS!
WE BETTER RERORT TO DA BOSS!
BOSS, DOSE YOUNG ALLIES GAVE US A FIGHT AND WE HADDA LAM!
IDIOTS! ARE YOU MEN OR MICE? LETTING A BUNCH OF KIDS STOP YOU!
WHY DID THOSE KIDS HAVE TO COME HERE AND SPOIL OUR SEARCH? I THOUGHT A GHOST ACT WOULD SCARE THEM AWAY LIKE ANY KIDS! WE'VE **GOT** TO GET RID OF THEM, MEN--SOMEHOW!
MEANWHILE, BUCKY SUMS UP THE SITUATION FOR THE BOYS---
FELLAS, WE'VE STUMBLED ON SOMETHING IN THIS OLD HOUSE! THOSE THUGS WERE TRYING TO SCARE US AWAY--- BUT **WHY?** WE'LL SPLIT UP AND SEARCH THE HOUSE!
TORO, YOU TAKE JEFF AND TUBBY AND SEARCH THE EAST WING! WE'LL TAKE THE WEST WING! IF YOU RUN ACROSS THE THUGS--- SING OUT!
YEAH MAN!

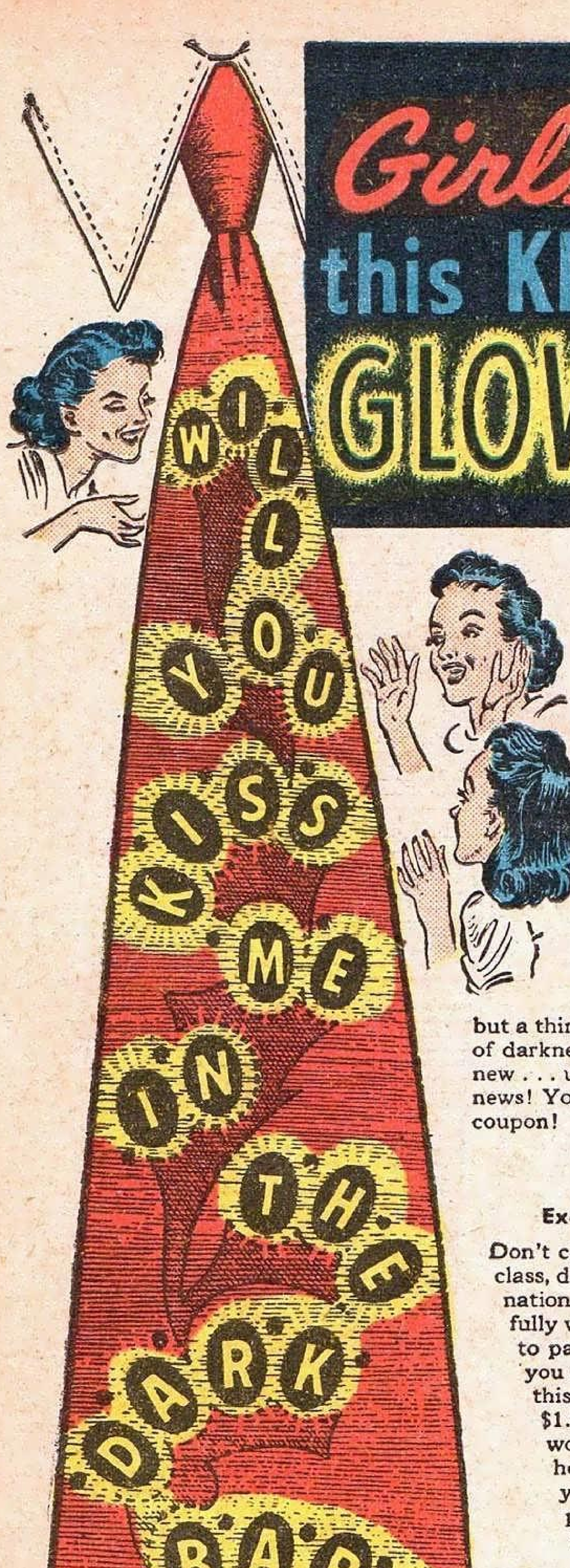
AS BUCKY, KNUCKLES AND WHITEWASH START OFF...
YIPES! DEY'RE AFTER ME! DEY'RE B-BEATIN' ME ON DA HEAD!
CLUNKK!
IT'S ONLY A LOOSE BOARD, KNUCKLES, SEE?
EVERYT'ING HAPPENS TO ME! WELL, ANYHOW, WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY! DERE AIN'T NO SUCH T'INGS AS GHOSTS--- I HOPE!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT---
WHAT'S DAT?
SOUNDS LAK DAT LIMPIN' MAN AGAIN!
CLUMP!
CLIMP!
CLUMP!
CLIMP!
BOSH! IT'S ONLY ONE OF THOSE THUGS! GRAB HIM!
HE'S GOIN' DOWN INTO THE BASEMENT!
--AND SO ARE WE!
BUT THE BOYS HAVE ONLY RUSHED INTO---
UH-OH! TROUBLE!
OKAY, MEN! KEEP THEM COVERED!

FOOLED YOU, DIDN'T I? NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOU LITTLE MEDDLERS HERE, YOU'LL **STAY** HERE! MY MEN AND I ARE GOING AHEAD WITH MY PLANS!
SO **YOU** HIRED THESE THUGS? WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?
I'M WENDALL WICKARD! THEY CALL ME THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY --- BUT THEY'RE WRONG! I'VE BEEN ROAMING AROUND FOR YEARS, BUT NOW I'VE COME BACK FOR MY INHERITANCE! MY TWIN BROTHER, WILLIAM, WON'T GET IT, BLAST HIM!
BUT WHY ARE YOU DRESSING UP AS A GHOST NOW?
TO LURE YOUR THREE OTHER FRIENDS HERE! THEN I CAN DISPOSE OF YOU ALL!
MEANWHILE --- AS TORO, JEFF AND TUBBY WANDER THROUGH THE HOUSE ---
L-LOOK! A GHOST!
YOU MEAN ONE OF THE THUGS! GET HIM!
CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP
EEOW! I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY HANDS ON HIM! LOOKS LIKE HE'S MOTIONING US TO FOLLOW HIM!
L-LET'S FOLLOW HIM, FELLAS! HE'S GOING D-DOWN TO THE BASEMENT!
CLUMP! CLUMP! CLUMP! CLIMP!

WAIT! IT MAY BE A TRAP! LET ME GO FIRST WITH MY FLAME ON!
HERE DEY COME! GET DEM--OWW! HE'S ON FIRE!
THE FLAME BOY PLUNGES THRU THE WAITING THUGS---
AND FREES HIS CAPTURED COMPANIONS!
GOOD BOY, TORO! WE'RE FREE! NOW LET'S CLEAN UP THESE MONKEYS!
ONCE MORE REUNITED, THE YOUNG ALLIES GO INTO HIGH-GEAR ACTION AGAINST THE CROOKS!
THAT'S THE LAST OF THESE THUGS! NOW WHERE'S WICKARD?
THERE HE GOES! STILL PLAYING GHOST!
AFTER HIM!
CLUMP! CLUMP! CLUMP! CLUMP! CLUMP!

AH! THE FAMILY HEIRLOOMS! I'VE FOUND THEM AT LAST!
I LOST SIGHT OF THAT "GHOST!"
SO DID I -- FOR A MOMENT -- BUT HERE'S SOMEONE --- AND IT'S WENDALL WICKARD!
THIS FINISHES YOU, CHUM! CURTAINS!
SUDDENLY!
YIII! AH FEEL A HAND GRABBING ME!
LOOK! THERE'S A BODY SEALED IN THE FIREPLACE!
AFTER REMOVING THE CORPSE ---
IT'S WILLIAM WICKARD ---- MURDERED! YOU KILLED YOUR OWN BROTHER!
YES, I DID IT! I KILLED HIM YESTERDAY AND SEALED HIM IN THE FIREPLACE! I WANTED THE WHOLE INHERITANCE --- AND I'D HAVE GOTTEN IT IF YOU HAD NOT INTERFERED!
WHAT I CAN'T DOPE OUT IS WHY YOU PLAYED THE PART OF A LIMPING GHOST!
B-BUCKY! LOOK! ONE OF THE CORPSE'S SHOES HAS A HEEL MISSING!
G-GOLLY! DID WENDALL WICKARD PLAY THE PART OF THE LIMPING GHOST --- OR WAS IT HIS BROTHER? BUT --- BUT HIS BROTHER IS DEAD --! GOLLY -- ????
THE END

Girls Can't Resist this KISS ME NECKTIE as it GLOWS in the DARK!


WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK BABY

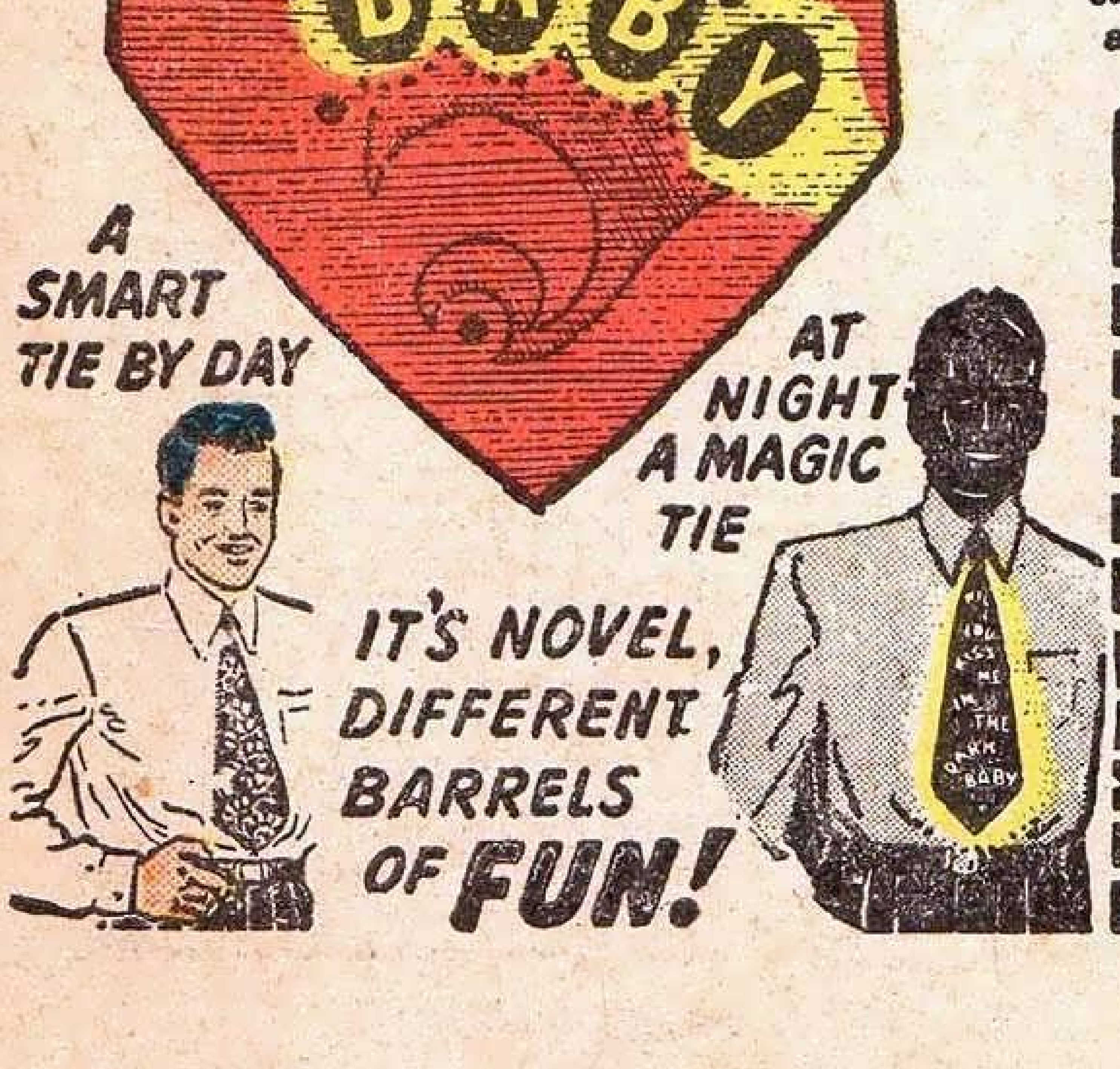
BY DAY, A LOVELY SWANK TIE . . . BY NIGHT, A CALL TO LOVE IN GLOWING WORDS!

MEN . . . BOYS : . . Now amaze your friends! Surprise and thrill every girl you meet! Be different and the life of the party in any crowd! Here's the most amazing spectacular necktie that you ever wore, a smart wrinkle-proof, tailored cravat, which at night is a thrilling sensation! It's smart, superb class by day, and just imagine in the dark it seems like a necktie of compelling allure sheer magic! Like a miracle of light there comes a pulsing, glowing question—WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY? Think of the surprise, the awe you will cause! There's no trick, no hidden batteries, no switches or foolish horseplay, but a thing of loveliness as the question emerges gradually to life, touched by the wand of darkness, and your girl will gasp with wonder as it takes form so amazingly. It's new . . . utterly different . . . a Hollywood riot wherever you go. And here's wonderful news! You can see, examine this glorious tie yourself without risk . . . just mail the coupon!

SEND NO MONEY!

Examine . . . Let It Thrill You . . . ON THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Don't confuse this magnificent necktie with any ordinary novelty tie, for it's high class, distinctive, ties up perfectly, and you'll wear it with pride. Its color combination is specially created and so original that you actually can wear it tastefully with any suit. It's wrinkle-proof, beautifully fashioned. You might expect to pay $2.00 or even $3.00 for this cravat just for daytime wear. But now, if you act quick, under this special INTRODUCTORY OFFER, you will have this marvelous, breath-taking GLOW IN THE DARK sensation for only $1.49! That's all, just $1.49, a bargain in quality, and a million dollars worth of fun at any party, or in any crowd, an aid to love! Send no money, here's all you do. Mail coupon with your name and address. On arrival of your GLOWING KISS ME NECKTIE, you simply pay postman $1.49, plus postage. (If money comes with order, we pay postage.) Then examine. See how it excites and thrills. And, if you are not delighted, if you are not eager to wear it, just return it for your money back promptly. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then act at once. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!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AT NIGHT A MAGIC TIE
IT'S NOVEL, DIFFERENT BARRELS OF FUN!
WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK BABY

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Rush me my KISS ME NECKTIE that glows in the dark. I will pay postman $1.49 plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

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Agents Wanted. Write for Full Profit Making Details.

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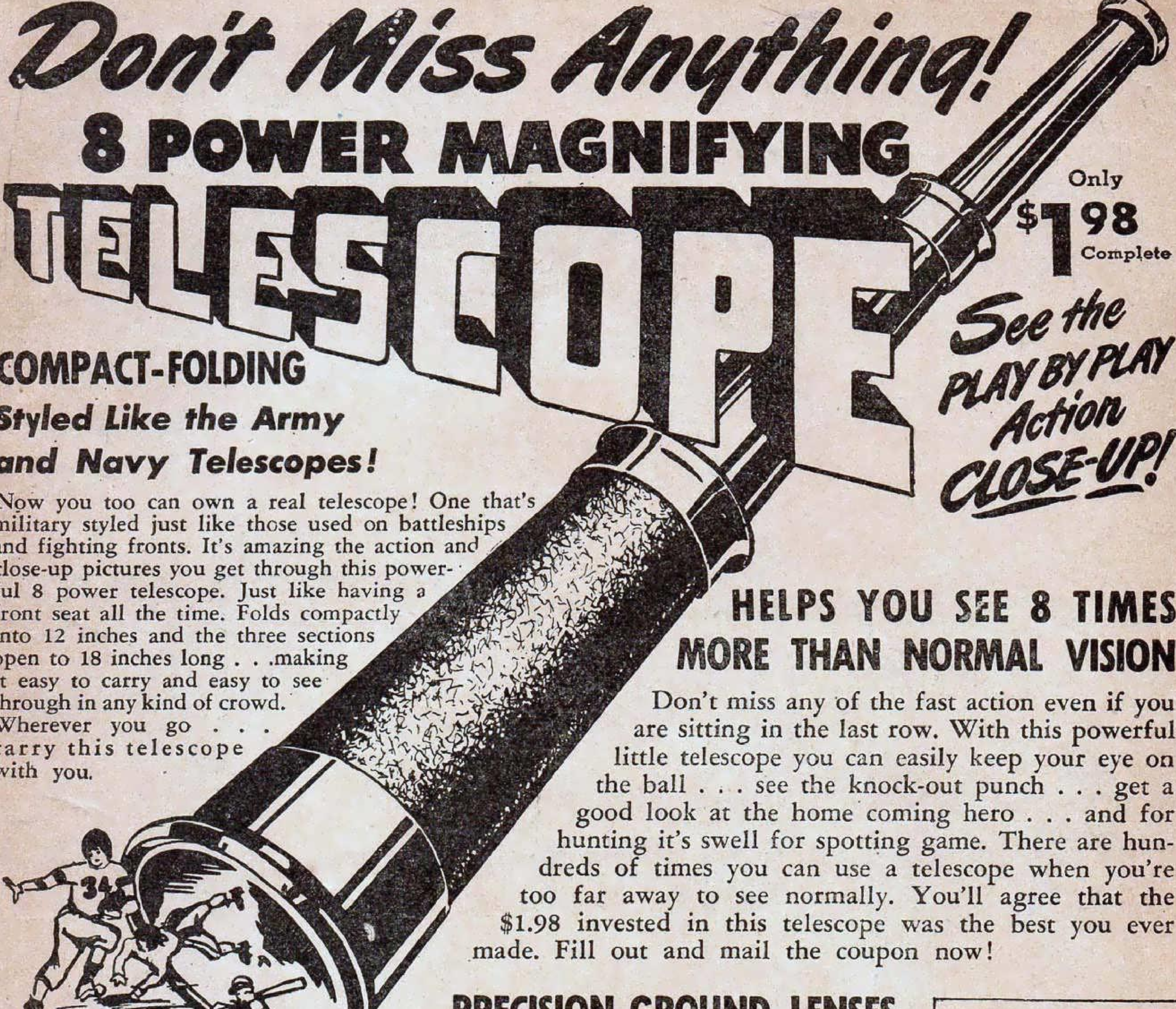

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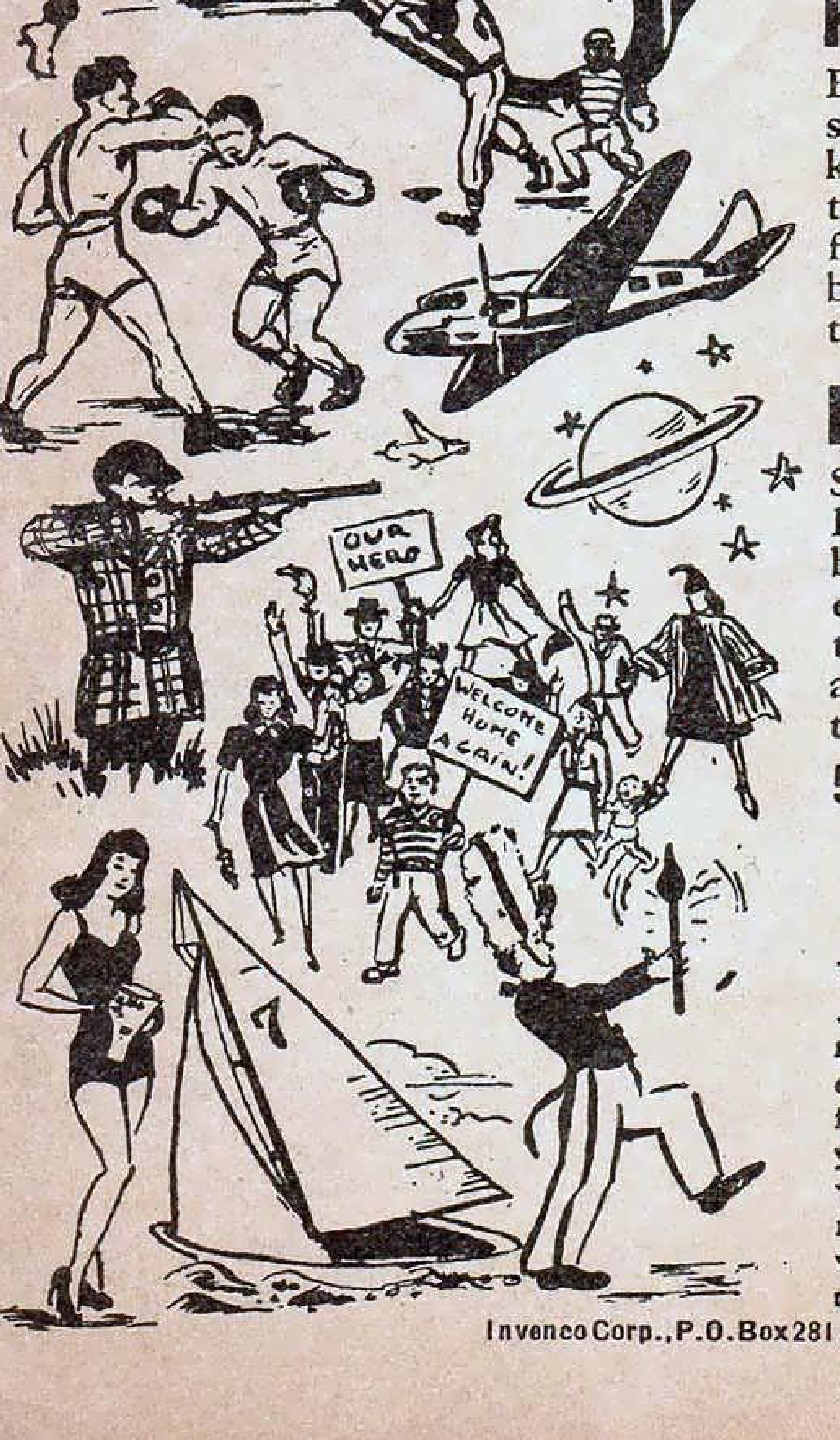

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Each magnifying lense put into this telescope is precision ground. Accuracy is the keynote in grinding the same as making the lense for a pair of glasses. Each is flawlessly clear so that vision will not be hampered in any way. We guarantee their clearness.

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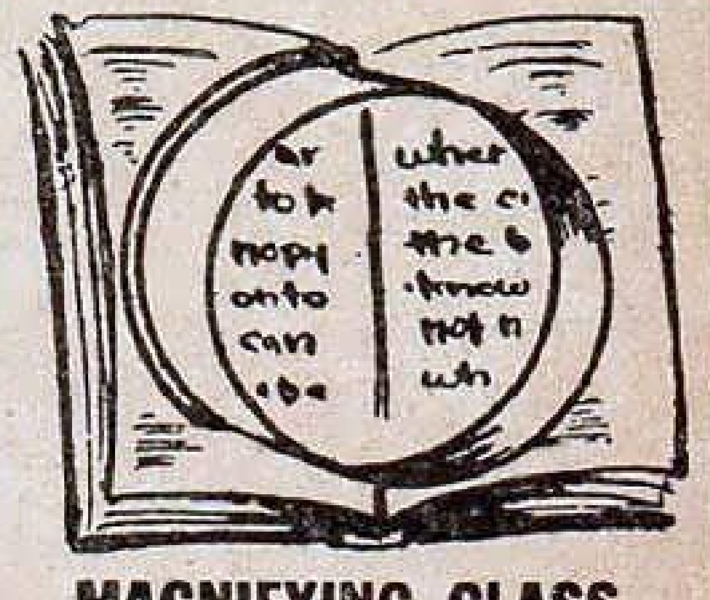
Sturdy construction to make this telescope lasting has been built-in. This isn't a toy but a practical, well-made telescope. The ends and sliding sections are made of plastic to insure long-lasting use. All joints are plastic . . . making them non-destructible. A real buy!



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Your telescope sounds like a good buy. Please send me mine by return mail. Enclosed find $1.98 in ☐ check, ☐ money order. ☐ C.O.D. (I agree to pay postage on C.O.D. orders). If I am not satisfied, I may return the telescope within 5 days and my money will be refunded.

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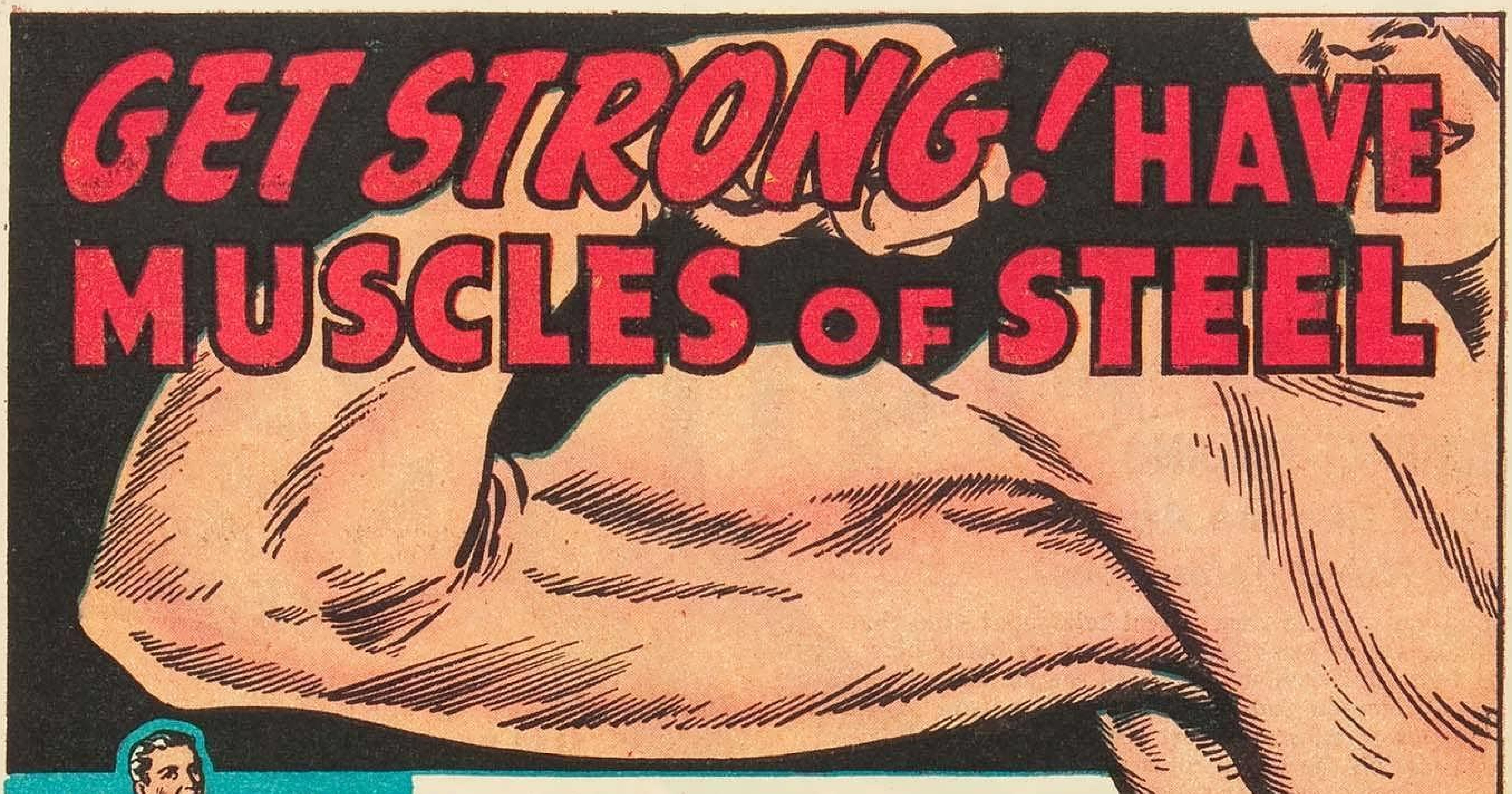
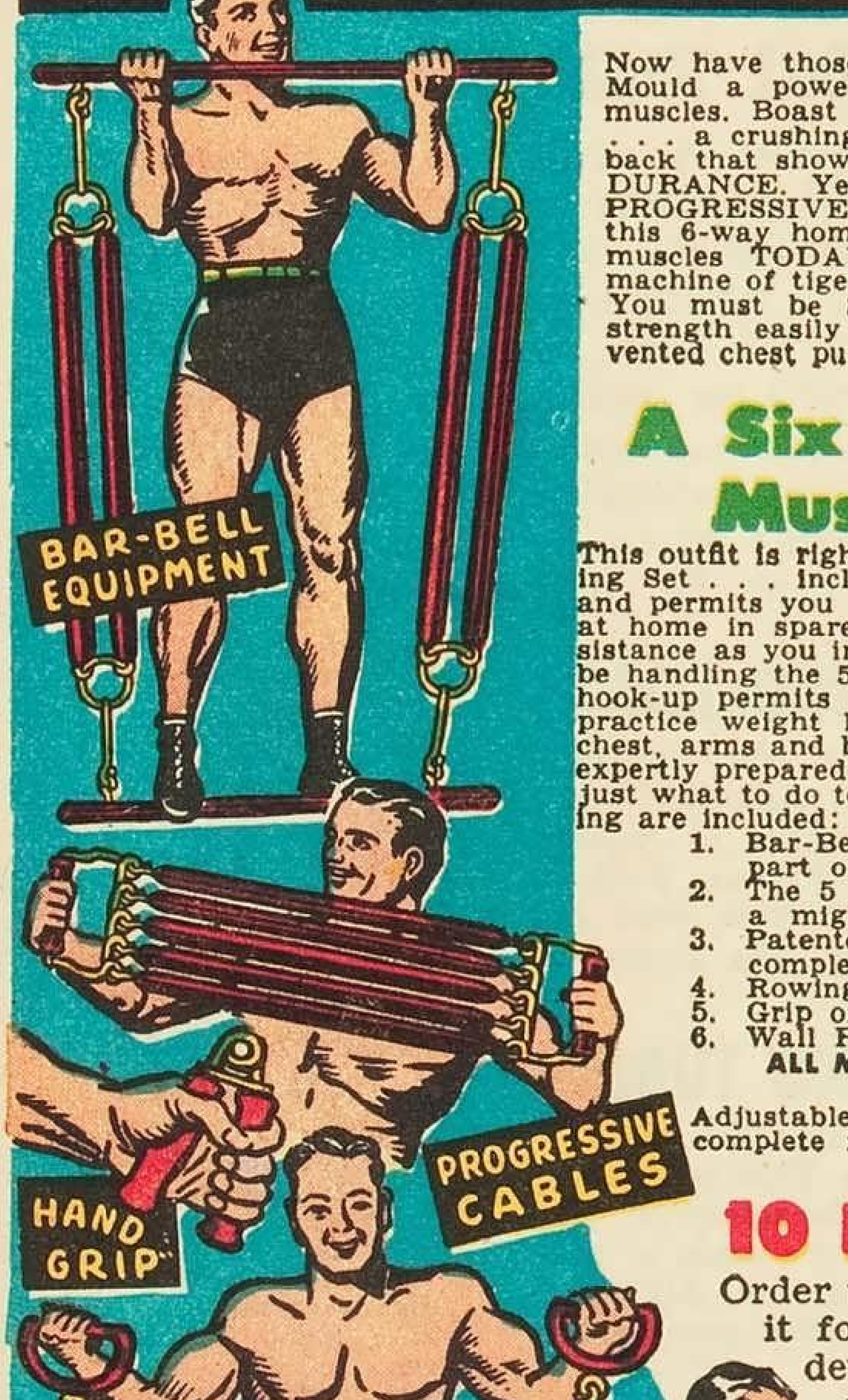
GET STRONG! HAVE MUSCLES OF STEEL





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